

SLUG

FEB. 2001

146 - Vol 13

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AND THE
SPEARHEAD
FACTORY**

PROPAGHANDI

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MURPHYS**

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From: Heavymshop@aol.com
Date: Wed, 10 Jan 2001 22:28:18 EST
To: dicks@slugmag.com, dick-
heads@slug.com
Subject: Dear Dickheads

After reading a letter that I wrote to S.L.U.G. about 12 years ago, I had to respond. I sounded a little pissed off, and I was, but I did have some hope. (I was in my 20s and not OLD and jaded...YET!) At the end of the letter I sarcastically stated that I didn't know why I left Sandy. Well, my hope was that people would be better in Salt Lake City. What I came to realize is that if you are dealing with the public you WILL deal with assholes, and nothing has really changed since then except that I am older and realize this.

And that being said, I deal with way more cool people than uncool people, but one asshole can ruin your whole day. Another thing that I don't think people realize is that no matter how hard we try we can never have everything in stock at one time; nobody can, not even the big stores. We get stuff in and we sell it. I really try to have a good variety in at all times, and I don't mind if you ask me to order something, but if you never buy anything from me, don't expect me to order stuff for you. And you don't need to come in and ask for way out of print, obscure stuff either. We know you're cool and have different taste than everybody else. And one more thing, if you are still reading this. I really don't have a problem with other stores, but the problem I have is when some asshole comes in and tells me how this store has this and that, this is cheaper there, or whatever. We all have different stuff at different times, and I try my best to please everybody, but that is

impossible. I also want to thank all of the people that have supported The Heavy Metal Shop over the years. I am flattered when I see someone wearing one of our shirts. And I apologize if I am not always smiling when you come in; I really am a nice guy. And if you are one of those assholes, please keep it to yourself or go to one of the many big stores and complain that they aren't as cool as The Heavy Metal Shop.

Thanks, Kevin / Owner of The Heavy Metal Shop and peddler of all that is evil (since 1987).

ED Note: No thanks needed Kevin, just order in more of those Metal shop coffee mugs for the SLUG HQ.

From: Shane Farver
<quazi182@yahoo.com>
To: Angela Brown
<angela@slugmag.com>
Date: Tuesday, January 23, 2001
2:25 PM
Subject: Dear Dickheads Letter

As a writer at SLUG magazine, I have suddenly realized the error of my ways. In light of recent complaints about the content of SLUG I have decided to write on the subjects of fluffy bunnies, candy, and what President Gordon B. Hinkley did for his 105th birthday. By doing this, I hope to gain the approval of the moral citizens of Utah and at the same time save myself a seat in heaven. Wait! I have a better idea! If you find SLUG magazine offensive don't read the damn thing. Of course that solution may be too logical for you to handle. Rest assured that I will never change how or what I write no matter how offensive people may find it. I, and the rest of the dickheads at SLUG, will continue sharing

our awful views and reporting on those evil bands who actually may inspire thinking for years to come.

A writer in this scourge of society we call SLUG

-Shane Farver

From: Heavymshop@aol.com
To: <dickheads@slugmag.com>
Date: Friday, January 26, 2001
5:14 PM
Subject: Support Independent Retailers!!

I take it back, I DO have a problem with the big chain stores. We can't afford to carry a bunch of dead inventory, in hopes that the one person who wants the Dead Milkmen comes and buys it from us. I also am thinking of posting a "Jackass of the Month" in my shop. I think this month's winner will be the guy that asked if we had any Dead Milkmen CDs, and proceeded to brag about how cool another music store is. (that store is no longer with us) Loud enough for us to hear of course. Then he proceeded to get his free Snatch stickers and SLUG without even looking to see what CDs we do have in stock.

I am really trying not to have a chip on my shoulder, but this shit happens every day. Anyway, Thanks, for listening.
-Kevin / The Heavy Metal Shop

ED Note: I want all of you Readers out there to understand the importance of supporting independant retailers. Cool places like The Heavy Metal Shop only exist because we shop there.

It is becoming increasingly difficult to sustain a small business these days. If we aren't careful the cool places we take for granted are going to dissappear. Do you want every block in this city to turn into a mini-mall with a Starbucks on the corner?

Oh, and Kevin- the SLUG deadline is the 25th of each month. Send us your "Jack Ass of the Month".

From: Hollywood Monsters

<plastic@hollywoodmonsters.net>
To: SLUG Magazine
<dicks@slugmag.com>
Date: Monday, January 29, 2001
2:19 PM
Subject: Dear Dickheads...

Dear Dickheads,

I thought I'd better share my two cents in regards to Mr. Anonymous living in his oh so wet dream of a scene in Portland... The truth is- yeah, SLC had a pretty phenomenal scene back in the day mostly because there were so few people of an 'alternative' nature and lifestyle that everybody stuck together like super-glue... The city's grown enormously since then, but it's fairly apparent that the local politics and religious right haven't changed a bit... Repression breeds contempt and as long as that still holds true- there will always be cool people doing cool things in SLC... Yeah- some of it may come and go due to lack of support- who could possibly ever forget Galaxina? Ha ha. The point being- at least people keep trying and as far as I can tell- SLUG's outlived 'em all and couldn't possibly be in more capable hands than now... My advice- stick with Portland and cherish the memories 'cuz the Saltans most likely don't need your advice. It sounds like you've gotten old, outlived your glory days, and wouldn't recognize the scene if it hit you in the face. Things do change...

XOXOXOXO,
Yer Salt Slum fashion monger gone Hollywood Monster-
Budgie

Ed Note: Okay Losers, It's time for SLUG to THANK YOU- OUR READERS for picking us up every month. We will be throwing our Twelfth Anniversary party on Sunday 2/25/01 at the Zephyr Club. We will have tons of FREE MUSIC, DOOR PRIZES, and other cool shit for giveaways. BE THERE! If you are not yet 21, don't spend all your money on a fake I.D. We will be having a SNOWBOARDING Event coming in MARCH!

Speak your
Mind!
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WHAT S UP WITH GEORGE?

- * Threw the janny down at the flip flop festival
- * Wore some flip flops
- * Made contact with Chet Reiland
- * Drank a pitcher of Michelob
- * Learned that if you don't want a cowboy hat then don't go to the cowboy store
- * Bought a hat
- * Saw an amazing serendipitous display of timing and balance
- * Ran into a random friend at the Ross Dress for Less
- * Lost some faith in Krill
- * Saw a mouse

love, George





Indie Label Spotlight by Brian Staker

If rock'n'roll is a disease, what is the cure? Maybe it's some kind of "hair of the dog" medicinal theory at work in the case of musical maladies. In any case, this label's "vaccination" isn't a preventative so much as a preparation for the illness; the pill might be worse than the illness. Which is not to say that the Oakland, California-label Vaccination Records is a rock label, although almost all their releases rock to some degree or another. Maybe it's rock'n'roll seen through a carnival funhouse mirror. Much the same was true when we tried to investigate the twisted world of Vaccination Records. In response to our questions to Dren McDonald, label proprietor, we didn't receive answers so much as stories, like really creepy children's stories that had me waking up shaking in the middle of the night.

"Taking on the label was a condition of my parole, bestowed upon me by the (California) Governor Geo. Dukmajian, in the year of 1992. I was sentenced due to the lamprey hijacking ring I had involved myself with at the time. It was a dark period, and grunion runs were never quite the same after the damage we incurred. It started with a cassette release of my band, **Giant Ant Farm**. The label didn't start becoming much of a label until '96, when we put out the Residents tribute record." If there's one group the label should have paid tribute, that was it. *Eye Sore: A Stub at the Residents* includes contributions from no less than Primus, Stan Ridgeway, Amy Denio and Cracker, as well as many Vaccination house bands like Giant Ant Farm, **Frank Pahl** and the now defunct **Idiot Flesh**. The sleeve booklet features notes by Penn Jillette. A gatefold-CD case with unusual fold-out "socket" for the eyeball-painted disk is par-for-the-course both aesthetically exotic and weird by Vaccination standards.

"The bands are comprised of members of the lamprey hijacking ring. Every single one of them. This was our sentence. All of us. Create music which reflects upon what we did to the coastal communities of Southern California (we lived in Long Beach at the time, and moved to Oakland in '96). I'm sure, if you start to study the music, and the themes therein, you notice a string, synapse, if you will, which connects everything to all things nautical. Hence the edginess." Edginess is right, but a label is a lot more than edgy when they release Giant Ant Farm's *Dressed in Milk*, a CD of Pixies covers done in Klezmer style. That's just plain weird. But it's also cool; it works somehow. At least the end product is something I wanna listen to.

When I ask him about the artwork and packaging, some of the most artistic and arresting I've seen: why spend so much on packaging for releases that aren't going to net huge numbers of sales? Who does the artwork, and what drug are they on? he is momentarily taken aback.

"We don't have huge sales? Who told you that? Where are you getting this information? We know where you live, and we saw what you did. It's not about the sales really. I'm inspired by the kind of stuff that I loved as a kid, buying records in the 70s and 80s. I remember coming home with Led Zeppelin's *Physical Graffiti*, and sprawling the cover out on my bed, and checking out all the artwork, and the cool diecut cover, while I listened to the music. All those gatefold two LP sets, or three LP sets. While CDs can't give you the opportunity to use large artwork, we at least try to create a unique package that will represent the music in some way. We hate jewel cases, and we hate them a lot. I kinda feel like the music we're releasing is quite unique,

and the packaging should match the music. A lot of the musicians do the artwork...Chris Papa from **NineWood** did all their drawings, Chuck Squier formerly from **Mumble and Peg** did their first 2 eds, their 7", the Ebola Soup 7", and the *Eyesore* CD cover. We have his paintings up in the office too. Jenya Chernoff (currently in Mumble and Peg) did the artwork for the Fuck/Mumble and Peg 7" and the newest Mumble and Peg CD. My wife, Lorriann Murray, who used to perform with and book **Idiot Flesh**, did the artwork on the *Eyesore* 7", and came up with the truly amazing layout for **Idiot Flesh's** *Fancy* CD. I do a lot of layout work, design stuff and come up with a lot of the dies we end up using. If we couldn't do this ourselves, we'd never be able to afford it. As for drugs, I'm not sure what everyone's favorites are. I like sake." *Fancy* is that, and so much more, with its matte black cardboard folded like some unhinged origami, song titles and leering face on the cover printed in silver ink. Mumble & Peg's *All My Waking Moments In a Jar* disc recalls Alice in Chain's *Jar of Flies* CD in sound and artwork, but it's much more unsettling, and interesting, than that work. *Funny Rubber Hand*, a label sampler, features loud, fifties-style ad parody artwork. **GradiNul Brnds' Communicating For Influence** album also parodies adtalk with its artwork and songs like "Pleas-U-Restaurant." Discordant melodies by most of these groups betray the Residents' influence, but this stuff is much more hummable, and rockin,' than almost anything the Eyeballheads have done.

As far as where the label is going, he responds, "Our commitment to the parole lasts thru 2007, then we're finished, done, kaput. Do you have a lamprey? I actually started it with the idea that it would work as a collective. It would be a business that would share resources with all the bands involved, perhaps everyone chipping in to create a series of 7"s with all the bands, that kind of thing. It was sort of a reaction that came from the feeling I got that



most people in the music business were selfish, guarded, shallow people, but if the musicians (who were the nice people) got together, and created enough resources on their own, and did a lot of shows together, attempting to present everything in a unified sorta way, that there would be some empowerment there. Well, it seems that collectives don't work so well. Once it looked like I was the only one willing to do all the work, it changed. At first, I basically acted as a conduit for the bands to get their releases out, I would provide distro, and radio/press lists, I would answer calls and emails regarding the bands, but the bands would pay for their release expenses etc. It's moved away from that, into a "real" label, where we can actually front some of the costs to our bands, and I have help in the office, and everything is just a little more solid. We still have a healthy dose of unification between the bands, and everyone goes to everyone else's shows etc. I think that's important. There's a real camaraderie with the bands."

Talk about some of the new releases you are excited about, and stuff that is upcoming. Who are the "stars" of the label?

"There's a comp called "Listen to the Tooth", and every song is dedicated to famous celebrity-owned lampreys. There's a great piece on there dedicated to Jan Michael Vincent's lamprey by Fu Manchu. It rocks. The next thing up is

the new Mumble and Peg CD, *All My Waking Moments in a Jar*. Then we got a re-release of **Rube Waddell's Hobo Train** on CD, with bonus live tracks (it was originally released as a one-sided 12"). Then there's the **Red Bennies** CD, which we're really excited about. And hopefully by then the **Sleepytime Gorilla Museum** record will be finished, and that has members of Idiot Flesh and **Charming Hostess**, and we expect that to do really well. As far as Bay Area bands go, they draw the best, so we expect big things from them. Plus my band, GrndNil Brnds is currently recording our next record, and there's also the possibility of doing another Frank Pahl record. So there's a lot on the horizon for us."

I understand that Salt Lake group the Red Bennies are recording for you guys. How did that come about? What will that release be like, and how will it fit in with the rest of the line of Vaccination products?

"Ask any of the Bennies where they were in the summer of 1990. They will either a) have no answer for you, b) recollect only a lengthy blackout period, c) change the subject. A hint...they were in Long Beach. For years now, my house has been the crashing site of **Ether** when they come to the Bay area. During their recording sessions, and on tours etc. So during that time, I got to know them all, and Eli kept bringing me all these crazy cds and tapes. Every visit there was a new little package for me. I got to really like some of it, like Mary Throwing Stones, Puri Do, Hooo, etc. And I really like the Red Bennies stuff, but I didn't quite get the impact of their greatness until he sent me the *Hey Rocker* CD. That one just blew my mind, as did the next one. While their stuff doesn't represent the sort of sound that Vaccination started with, I think it might be a good representation of where the label is headed." Paul Butterfield, RB's bassist, said, "we're really excited to be working with Vaccination because of the great stuff they've done."

And even after the trauma of all that, I still had to ask one more question: whatever happened to Idiot Flesh, the one band from the label I was familiar with before I started to research the article? The costumes, Dan Rathbun's inflatable body stocking, Nils Frykdahl's demented Pippa Longstocking, Gene Jun's Kabuki violinist. And their demented version of Sesame Street's "People in Your Neighborhood" including a crack mother; their heavy metal anthem, "Teen Devil Worshipper Jonathan Cantero's List of Equipment for the 12th of October." I just hoped it was all over and the nightmares would finally end.



UC flophouse/dorm. It was the one place that had parents coming to pick up their children halfway through the school year because their kids had probably been arrested, or quit school, or got kicked out of school and the reason behind most of these actions was probably drugs/alcohol. From what I hear, it was a really crazy place.

Anyhow, before they became a band, all 4 of them were carrying on basic duties at the Hall - Dan (the improver) was the house electrician/carpenter,


Nils, I think, was the hall monitor or something, and he and Gene would book all the shows in the Hall dining room. One of the bands that used to open for Idiot Flesh at the hall a lot was Primus. In fact, Gene believes that "Tales From the Punchbowl" is about one infamous night at Barrington when someone spiked the punch with acid.

Anyway, after school, they changed it to Idiot Flesh, just as they released their first LP, *Tales of Instant Knowledge and Sudden Death*. The record doesn't sound much like what IF became on

their second release, *The Nothing Show*. At that point, the funk influences were far less, and the Einsturzende Neubauten/Swans/postmodern influence was very heavy. After *Fancy*, they felt they had become too popular, and had to go back underground to catch their breath once again. They sort of redefined what they were doing, and it's become this wonderful thing called Sleepytime Gorilla Museum.



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The tides have turned. When I was younger, we used to listen to Hip-Hop and say "Why doesn't everyone like this music?" Now everybody does and there are even Ford advertisements with that lovely kick and snare that seem to have captivated the imagination of the world. (In case you didn't know Henry Ford published America's first hate paper, go look it up.) At one time, the perception of Hip-Hop was that it was faddish and our detractors said it couldn't be credible, as we had no history of our own and all the music was just reconstituted from another source, regurgitating repetitive c-rap. Well the joke's on them, now advertisers aim for the "urban market" and scramble to stay forever ten steps behind the cutting edge of youth culture. We've got a history that spans more than twenty years. Rap artists have become larger than life in the eyes of the American psyche and this is one of the ways that people have learned of the struggle. This is one of the ways that the fight for human beings to respect each other has begun to be successful. Some of us live like dirty and some of us want to act like we live like that, so now we're all fucked up. We have created our own vandals to ransack Babylon through ignorance and oppression. The reason that this is a good thing is that we are all doing our part to dismantle the power structure that doesn't reflect our experience. I've said before that I think the road of progress deals with economic empowerment and I see that happening more and more. The tides have turned when white kids call each other "My N***a", the tides have turned when Hollywood movies are willing to portray people of color who are executives and professionals, competent at what they do. Celebrate Black history month and understand that it's European history

months 11 times a year.

Out of Boston's Roxbury projects, Ed O.G. has made his third solid record, titled "The Truth Hurts". This time out he recruited *Premiere* for some production and the usual host of guest artists such as *Guru*, *Black Thought* and *Pete Rock*. The record is distributed through *New Groove Alliance* and *Ground Control*. The subject matter of the album is somewhat typical, but Ed spits it with the grace of a professional. Over a decade in the business will do that for you. His subject matter is a little more mature than most and he really shines on the baby mama drama cut "Just Because". On the trivia side of things did y'all know that *Diamond D* produced his second record "Roxbury 02119". I don't think this one meets my criteria for an undisputable classic, but it is quality in both the production values and lyrical abilities. You can tell that Ed loves making music and has dedicated his life to making tight cuts. I like the first half of this really well and then it sort of slows down a little, it's very much better than average and I support any artist that continues to go for theirs without a whole lot of recognition.

On the opposite end of the spectrum we have the *Hawd Gankstuh Rappuhs MC's Wid Ghatz* with their full length "2 Hype 2 Wype". There is nothing good about this record, however this is mostly intentional. At first when I heard the title of the group I hoped it was a spin off of the old *Masta Ace* "Slaughterhouse" record circa '93. Alas, it appears to be some clowning ass college students who have more in common with the *Butthole Surfers* than a boomin' system. This shit is kind of funny though, and you cats who sit on the fence and don't consider Hip-Hop your primary music of choice could get a kick out of this record...once. It's

more of a punk rock aesthetic at work here than a Hip-Hop one. I can't really imagine anyone enjoying this from start to finish multiple times and it becomes abrasive quickly. The cover is ill and it is obvious to me that the people who made this were having a lot of fun. This is a full on four-track, basement type of recording and I would have been mad if I had spent any money on it. If someone you know has it, ask to hear it and see what I mean.

I've been interested to hear what *Xibit's* new full length, "Restless" was going to be like. I've liked this cat since I used to hear him on the college radio station in Albuquerque when his name was *Exibit A*. I've never really felt that he's had an opportunity to flex his lyrical potential, because he's made a conscious decision to not try and rock the commercial boat. The truth of the matter is that he can spit treacherous flows without being too hard to rap himself into a corner. I heard him freestyle on a mix tape out of the bay area in '97 and have been waiting to hear him clear the bar he set for himself ever since. *Dre* was going to push him over the top and I anticipated a record with the hit potential of an *Eminem*. Unfortunately, I was disappointed. Don't get me wrong, I'm not bitter about this record, it just doesn't seem like a project that *Dre* was very invested in. He produced 3 cuts on the record and I don't think it's enough to put this into the platinum category. It's more like a farm team project, with the usual guest appearances that you'd expect. *Snoop*, *Nate Dogg*, you know. Interestingly enough, *KRS* rears his philosophical head for a song, as well as *Erik Sermon*. I like seeing West Coast artists choosing to pay respects to musicians we all grew up with. Surprisingly, the rapper that shines the most on this record is *Defari* who I don't always care for. He shows a cool little facet of "rider" culture on "Rimz & Tirez". This is a big budget project that is enjoyable and has some good moments, but isn't quite what I had hoped for.

Afu Ra's full length "The Body

of the Life Force" is a gem if you like that East Coast, camo-knowledge style. Laced with the some of the finest production that *D&D Studios* has to offer, this album surpassed my expectations. *Afu* seems to have picked up *Jeru's* ideological baton and is running with it in the staccato style that he introduced on "Mental Stamina" on the first *Jeru* record. I enjoyed "Whirlwind Through Cities" and the other singles that preceded this new album and the record has some slow moments, but they don't take away from the whole. This is one of the first records I've heard in awhile that is satisfying and slick, without compromising it's overall style or trying to sell the big club hit (it does have one though). It's almost a throwback to the early 90's *Premiere* style of production and the product we've come to expect from the *Gangstarr* foundation. I wonder what *Jeru* has to say about it. His latest, self produced record "Herotz for Hire" was slept on, and is definitely not as slick as the *Afu Ra*, but is a good album as well.

Finally for all you backpackers out there, don't sleep on the new *Company Flow/Cannibal Ox* double 12". *Co-Flow* continues on without *Big Jus* and is just as potent. This is Hip-Hop for the discriminating listener, with no attempt made to court the sensibilities of the uninitiated. The production is as thick and murky as you would expect from *El Producto* and it works in his favor. One of the cuts features *Cage* and he holds it down as you would expect. *Mr. Lif* makes an appearance and the *Cannibal Ox 12"* is off the handle. Check this shit out if you like the underground; you won't be able to dance to it but it has some head-nodability and is setting the tone for things to come. Whether you like these cats or not, you have to give to them for having a vision and doing everything in their power to realize it. This is the musician plying his craft as an artist in a way that doesn't happen that much any more. It's nice to hear a record that has something to say and even if it's indecipherable it's proof that some people live this shit every day...

Although busted and broken in half, it is better to have tried and failed than to have never tried at all." Evil Knevil.

Things are good in Zion. Sundance is over, (finally) all the stars have returned to their arthritis friendly environments, the new millenium has actually arrived, Jesus has not yet returned and spring is just around the corner. I love this time of year.

There has been some concern that this article is nothing more than Mark's soap box. A place to anonymously use the words mother-fucker and bitch about what pisses me off. Well it's true. However, good sex (it was good for me) has a way of changing a man's outlook and I feel like giving something back this month. (Whether or not I'm a man still remains a point of debate, however I do feel strange calling myself a boy for three reasons. 1. I'm larger than the average human male, much larger in fact. 2. Body

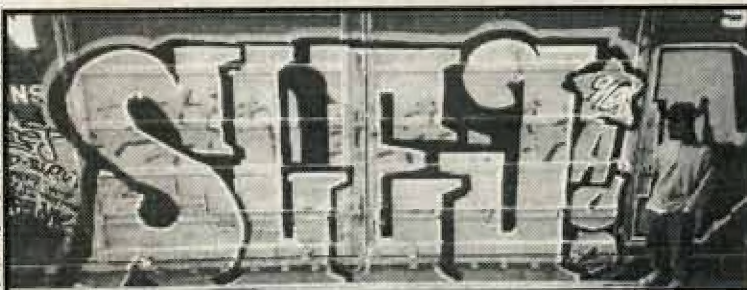
hair. We're not talking armpits here either. 3. Male Pattern Baldness. Sad but true?) Nerds, Wierdos, and Graffiti Writers this is your year to bring down the establishment. In an effort to assist you I have compiled an astrological reading for each of you. If you are too macho for astrology you should re-evaluate your position, knowing the bare minimum in this field is a great way to get the partner of your choice into their bare minimum. (alcohol helps too) **YA DIG?**

Aries (March 21-April 19) Doubt will destroy. Quit thinking so much! Don't forget that actions still speak louder than words. You've got ideas coming out of your ass but that means nothing unless you bring them to fruition. Stop driving the people around you crazy and get to work, the rest will fall into place. Famous Aries: Alf, Mormon Jesus.

Taurus (April 20-May 20) There are big time benefits this year if you just come out of your squirrel hole and look around. Quit stacking up your chips and place



a bet or two. Try tipping someone this year. It will come back ten fold I guarantee it. Try dancing a jig and the rest is creme cheese. Famous Taurus: Mr. Pink, George Castanza.



Gemini (May 21- June 20) Who you are depends on the day, we all know that. How you choose each day remains the true mystery. Here's the deal Gemini, we'll quit trying to figure you out this year if you agree to do the same. The past may be the key to the present but historians are stuffy bastards. In the words of Dr. Richard Alpert "Remember be here now!". Famous Gemini: Bugs Bunny, Dr. Jeckyl/Mr. Hyde.

Cancer (June 21-July 22) You've always had the capacity to dish it out. This year learn to take it. If you waste all your time looking for free shit, you will wind up with just that. Shit! Pay your dues and embrace the part of you that has been repressed for all these years. Don't be so sensitive!! Famous Cancers: Lt. Warf, Mr. Belvedere.

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22) If you were to take acid this year you would probably think that there was a star coming out of the top of your head. People are staring at you. They can't help it. Don't squander this chance to get on

top of shit. Giv it up! But not to the unworthy. Famous Leo's The MGM Lion, Betty Boop.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) Give all the clothes that don't fit to charity, throw away old shoes and

travel light. Try painting with your left hand. Don't pick the tree shake it! I swear you'll get all the fruit you need that way. Don't make jam with the excess give it to your neighbors. Famous Virgos: Elmer Fudd, Mary.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct 22) Take a bath with bubbles, eat ice in front of someone, and get naked in a sauna. Do these Libra and you may gain the insight you need to go bigger than you ever have before. Sluts are only sluts because they like to fuck! that doesn't mean they can't be loyal. Got it? Good. Famous Libra: My Mom, Jessica Rabbit.

Scorpio (Oct. 23-Nov. 21) If any one tells you to pay no attention to the man behind the curtain I suggest you do the opposite. In fact tear the curtain down, piss on it, then burn it in front of a crowd while dancing naked. You know how to run shit so run it. Famous Scorpios: The serpent from The Garden of Eden, Gargamel.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)

Two wolves watching a herd of sheep, one suggests running into the herd fucking one real quick and running back. The older of the two instead offers his wisdom. Why make a stir, let's just creep down real slow and fuck em' all! Don't move too fast this year sag, you might end up with your head up your ass. If you think too much you might kill your thought. Famous Sag: Fog Horn Leg Horn, Leonard Skynard.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) Stop telling white lies this year. You will get much farther by telling only great big ones. Why don't you scam the establishment this year instead of letting them scam you. If it sounds too good to be true it probably is, then again there is no such thing as always. Try keeping your wallet in a pocket with a button. Famous Capricorn: Elvis Presley, Gilligan.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18) Pay attention to your lucky numbers this year. If you don't come to any insights at least you'll be paying attention to something for once. Quit talking shit under your breath and maybe the world will take notice. Quit being a punching bag and learn how to smile. Oh, yeah! don't forget to make eye contact. Famous Aquarians: Yosemite Sam, there are no other famous Aquarians.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)



I know you could never be in the wrong ever. Maybe instead of being so right you should instead embrace the wrongs of the world around you. Quit putting your possessions in color coded piles, that really puts people off. Famous Pisces: Marie Antionette, Sigmund Freud. The End. P.S. Unicorns Rule! Say Word.



CALIFORNIA DREAMING: An Interview With Palo Alto by Brian Staker

major label on their first outing, with their self-titled release on Columbia. The set recalls other major label talent, from Radiohead to U2, and the vocals have an uncanny resemblance to Bono. But Palo Alto rocks a lot harder than U2 have for decades. From the opening cut "Depression Age" through the new single "Throw the

"Going backwards, everyone has to use influences to get to where you are going to be," explains singer/guitarist James Grundler. "In our case, we listened to bands like the Catherine Wheel, and other indie rock sounds. We also like the Beatles, and we're influenced by black American musicians. Out of being immersed in all this stuff, we forged our own sound. We made mistakes too, that's all a part of it."

They were all in different bands before Palo Alto. "We all still have the same direction, the same goals," Grundler maintains. "If anything, success isn't happening quick enough. The real battle is coming up with ways to share it with people. It's great to get respect, but the ultimate truth is, are you just selling records to further your career?"

"We're not an L.A. band," the members of this band out of the City of Angels insist. "L.A. is a scene, a gimmick everyone's trying to sell. It's about pushing a product. There's not a lot in our

town to choose from. We didn't dislike grunge, but it's hard to listen to the inheritors of grunge."

They didn't want "Sonny" to be the first single, since they felt it was a bit of a throwaway, but it ended up being first anyway, since the powers that be thought it had hit material, which it didn't. "Throw the Brick" is more our style of song," Grundler says. The song starts out with slow, languorous arpeggios that could be the start of a Radiohead song, but by the time the chorus kicks in the song is a whole level more intense. "People come see us play live and know we aren't a gimmick. We just want to play out and get our music out to people." The group then proceeded to put on a compelling show at the party, although the crowd there seemed to be more about film, fashion and schmoozing than paying much attention to the music. Oh well, it's good for their resume.

With all the glitz of Hollywood at the once-indie Sundance Film Festival, perhaps it was natural that the opening night party's entertainment was provided by a band from Los Angeles that took its name from a nearby city synonymous with sunny suburbia. The group called Palo Alto has achieved a goal that many young musicians dream of, signing to a

major label. Starting at the start, what were their formative influences? "Brick," this is music that speaks to young angst as very little music does anymore. They've got a real unique sound, with echoes of SoCal punk and 70's "laid back" sounds as well. We asked them about the route that brought them in their early 20's to the majors and Sundance.

Starting at the start, what were their formative influences?

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BLACK BEAUTY

LIFE IS ROUGH IN THE BEEHIVE STATE, WHEN YOU DON'T BELONG TO THE HIVE

BY DAVID WILSON

PHOTOS BY NICK KENWORTHY

Tania Paxton had just graduated from Syracuse University with a degree in electrical engineering when she met the man of her dreams. He was a med school student and was to attend the University of Utah to get his PhD, and brought Tania to Utah with him in the summer of 1992.

No stranger to issues of racism, Tania's parents were very active in the civil rights movement. They did everything from mass sit-ins and demonstrations, to marching with Martin Luther King.

"My parents are amazing," says Tania. "At a young age, they taught me to stand up for myself and not to run away from problems like racism."

"Growing up, things were especially hard for my older brother and sisters," remembers Tania. "Being the brightest students in their classes, they were bussed to a segregated school at the other end of town. Not only did they receive harassment at the segregated school, other kids in our own neighborhood would also tease them. It was hell for them because they didn't fit in anywhere."

Perhaps the influence from her strong parents, and seeing what her older siblings went through, prepared Tania for moving to Utah.

"I will always remember the first week when I moved to Salt Lake," recalls Tania. "I needed a job immediately so I was working as a bagger. My first day on the job, I was helping a woman with her groceries. She gawked at me, like I was some sort of freak in a zoo."

In attempt to ignore the woman, Tania continued loading the groceries into her car.

"Right when I finished, she patted my face as though I was a dog and told me she envied my dark skin," Tania continues. "I remember thinking how weird that was—that she touched me like that. I remember feeling sick afterwards."

But the racism didn't end there. It seemed no matter where Tania went, she would get gawked at and hear all the whispers from spectators. As a result, a lot of pressure was placed on her relationship.

"When my boyfriend and I would go to the store

together, and the cashier would say 'oh, is this together?'—always in the same, negative demeanor," says Tania. "Just to

point out that we were both of different racial backgrounds—it got really old, really fast."

In a matter of months, Tania was attending the University of Utah and took a part time job at a pizza bar downtown. Just when she thought she could last a week without receiving another racial attack, her manager began verbally assaulting her.

"Nigger!" he would call her. At times, it seemed impossible for him to say anything to Tania without using the word 'nigger' in every sentence. Getting the harassment to stop was harder than one would think.

"He was of the Mormon faith, and very close to the owners of the business who were also Mormon," says Tania. "The rest of the workers were also Mormon, and happened to attend the same church as the manager and the owner."

This made matters worse. Not only was she the only employee of color, she also was the only non-Mormon. Taking matters into her own hands, Tania hired an attorney.

"We were ready to sue," she recalls. "But the other workers decided to protect him and refused to sign their statements, and the lawsuit fell through—basically the manager got away with racial harassment."

Shortly after, Tania became engaged. She decided to rent a basement apartment with her fiancé, from his uncle. Sadly, his family grew weary of their interracial relationship, but seemed to tolerate it anyway. Just when Tania thought she could relax, things grew ugly.

"One night," says Tania, "His uncle came over, dressed in camouflage, and started screaming at him. I was terrified; as his uncle had just been polishing his guns the night before. I could hear his uncle screaming, 'I will not let you marry that nigger-bitch into our family!' I didn't know what to do, I just had to get out of that place!"

But before Tania could pack her bags, her fiancé's uncle came charging down the stairs and went for her belongings, snatching everything from photo albums, clothing, CD's, books, and more. Then he stomped upstairs and threw it all in the back of his truck.

"I tried to stop him," Tania remembers. "I couldn't get to him fast enough."

Meanwhile, her fiancé was lying on the ground from a crippling blow in the stomach.

"It was a nightmare," says Tania. "I got in my car to follow him and see where he was taking it all!"

Tania found her belongings

piled in a dumpster at Deseret Industries thrift store in West Valley City. Naturally, she reached in and began taking everything back when a store employee apprehended her.

"They asked me why I was stealing," says Tania. "I tried to explain to them what happened, but they told me I had no way of proving that these were my belongings—even after I showed them a photo of me in one of my albums. They told me if I wanted anything that was in that dumpster, I needed to pay for it."

Tania couldn't get law enforcement involved because it would put more pressure on her relationship with her fiancé. Perhaps it wouldn't have made a difference. The relationship ended a few weeks later.

Ironically, Tania began managing the singles pages in *Private Eye Weekly* (now *City Weekly*). She recalls hearing the stories of dozens of couples in interracial relationships.

"Definitely, the racist climate in Utah makes it much harder to date for minorities and those in interracial relationships," says Tania. "Since there aren't many black men in Utah, there will be around 25 black women chasing each of them around. Most Utah men who are white, will only take a black woman as a mistress, for fear of showing her to their family, or are just afraid of black women out of ignorance and racism."

"I think much of the problem in Utah stems from the ethnocentric attitude that has been passed down from generation to generation," says Tania. "They think they are the center of the world, and forget that there are billions of other people in different cultures around the world, doing things differently. They don't understand that it is okay to be different."

Today, Tania is a producer at a high-rated television station in Utah and a successful radio DJ.

"By working in the media," says Tania, "I can educate people, and help them to appreciate their ethnic background, be it African, European, Asian, or Latin. We need to learn respect for each other's cultures and gain an understanding of our differences."

Things seem to be improving, and she says, "I just try to set a good example and be the best person I can, because after all, black is beautiful!"



MICHAEL FRANTI & THE SPEARHEAD FACTORY

Michael Franti, the singer for Spearhead, was cool enough to give Slug a half hour of his time early on a Saturday morning. If I was him I might have opted to play with my two-year old instead. But Michael Franti seems like the kind of person who can do it all and maintain the balance. He knows when it's time to kiss the baby or time to drop some serious knowledge. And he does both with the perfect balance of grace and passion. Spearhead will be at Liquid Joe's on Wednesday, February 14th. That's Valentine's Day for all you knuckleheads who don't pay attention. I urge you to pay attention to what follows, but watch out, you might learn something before it's over.

MICHAEL: Hello.

SLUG: Hello Michael, Bryan Mehr here, Slug Magazine. How's it going this morning?

MICHAEL: Doing good.

SLUG: It's kinda early over there isn't it?

MICHAEL: I've been up for a while. I have a 2 year old, so I get up at the crack. I got up and did my little exercise thing. So, I'm good to go.

SLUG: Right on. So, you're at home now, huh? What part of California do you call home?

MICHAEL: San Francisco.

SLUG: Thanks for taking the time to do this interview for our special feature on Black History month. For starters, what is Spearhead up to?

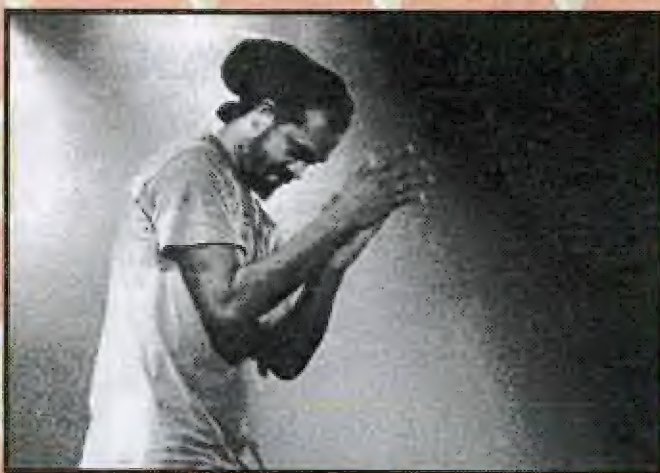
MICHAEL: We have a new album called *Stay Human*, which is coming out in April. We've been working on it for the past year and we finished it the fall. Right now we are working on the follow-up to that one. We are doing as much writing and recording as we can before we hit the road in February to support *Stay Human*. We have started our own label called *Boo Boo Wax* and signed a licensing agreement with 5th Degree. And we got Ryco Disc distribution. It's been a process of breaking

from the major label and starting our own thing. Trying to make sure the business is right and the records get in the stores. It's not easy for an independent label to do that.

SLUG: I was under the assumption when I saw you on the Spitfire tour that maybe Spearhead had split up. So you've been together

since...

MICHAEL: We started in 1994. We've had a few line up changes, but the core of the band has stayed the same. We are just getting ready to tour the southwest region through February. And we're going to Europe in March, Australia and New Zealand in April. And back to the states in May. Last year we played at a lot of political events. We were at the protest of the WTO in Seattle. We played at both the Democratic and Republican conventions and the accompanying protests. Every year for the past couple of years now, we've been putting on an event in San Francisco, called 911. This is a concert we do in a park here, against the prison industry in America and in support of political prisoners in this country. The new album *Stay Human* is all about the death-penalty. It's a narrative told, between songs, through



segments of a pirate-radio broadcast that's covering a court case involving the death-penalty. People call into the station and talk about the case of this woman who is to be executed and the governor who wants her executed. He feels that if he can do it before the election, he'll be a shoe-in. Woody Harrelson plays the governor. It's kind of a very comedic look at a very serious issue, which is the death-penalty.

SLUG: That sounds cool as hell.

MICHAEL: Yeah, so we've been doing that. Also over the past year we've been doing these tours where we have these groups of people; acrobats, jugglers, fire-dancers, dj's etc., who

follow us out and they become part of our tour and performing family. As the summer gets more in swing we'll start gearing that up again.

SLUG: Spearhead is coming to Liquid Joe's on Valentine's Day. Is this the kick-off for the new tour?

MICHAEL: Salt Lake will be like the third show. We're doing an AIDS benefit here in California and then one other show and then we'll be over there.

SLUG: I wish we could've caught up to you when you were up in Pork City at Sundance. I had heard you guys were there but it was after the fact.

MICHAEL: It was kinda interesting going to Sundance. Being an independent artist, I had this vision that it was going to be this place where all of these visionary, young filmmakers who were really interested in, you know, enlightening souls would go to show their films. But when I got there it was more like low-level porn stars and wanna-be film executives (laughs) getting in each others' pants, thinking it's gonna advance their careers. I saw one really cool film at Slamdance called "The Prophets Speak." This guy had all of these home movies that he'd taken of all these jazz greats like Charlie Parker, John Coltrane, Miles Davis captured back in their day on an 8mm. It was just all of this mad footage of all these legends chillin' at his house partying and jammin', smoking pot. It was a dope film.

SLUG: What do you think about the whole election fiasco?

MICHAEL: I was diggin' the fact that we didn't have a president for awhile. I was kinda hoping that would just drift on for years in the courts. You know, just let it go.

SLUG: What do you think of Georgie boy?

MICHAEL: During his speech he touched on two things, he talked about 'citizenship' and 'unity'. At first when I was hearing it, he's like "become a better citizen, become a better citizen." But he lives in a state where a lot of the workforce aren't even citizens of this country. So I was thinking, immediately he's drawing a line of demarcation, and there will be some people who are included and some people who will be left out. You know I don't like thinking along lines of 'citizenship'. I prefer to think along the line that we're all people of this world, this planet. And as for him talking about unity, his beginning statement was an exclusionary one, and I didn't believe at all this myth of inclusion taking place at the Republican convention. I feel that if a nation's,

or a government's power is based on its ability to kill then the people's power has to be based on our ability to survive. So we do have to unify. Those of us who are people of higher melanin content, people of different ethnic backgrounds, sexual preferences or gender, economic backgrounds or whether

you just believe in progressive ideals. We have to unify now and we have to raise our voice against all the changes that they're already starting to make.

(What follows is an idiotic tirade by yours truly about a stupid theory I have about the computer actually proving to be humanity's salvation rather than our undoing as prophesied by the Y2K scare. I said "you know what I mean?" alot and thoroughly bored Michael. Sorry, bro.)

SLUG: Do you think there's hope for humanity? Can we pull off another 10,000 years?

MICHAEL: Well...um, yeah. I don't know how long we'll be able to be around. I think that ultimately human beings are gonna outgrow this planet and along the way there will be a lot of destruction. But, I'm hopeful for the future and I hope the future gets here quick!

SLUG: I know what you're sayin'. Hey, I hope that I'm not bringing you down with all this heavy shit. Do you mind talking about this kind of stuff?

MICHAEL: No. This stuff's all part of our group. On our new website, which is spearheadvibrations.com, there's a message board up there where people talk about these types of issues and what's going on in the world. It's a good place for people to go. Poets, thinkers or people who are interested in things happening in the world today. For people who have never been to a Spearhead show, it's like a party, you know. It's like part rave because we have dj's, it's part hip-hop dance party and part freakshow all within the context of the times we live in. There are some serious issues taking place.

SLUG: What do you think is the biggest problem facing humanity today?



MICHAEL: I think that the single thing that could happen, in a word, is compassion. There was a time when we would look at things like black rights, gay rights, women's rights, rights for the environment or whatever it was. Now it's moved to a time when we have to look at what it means to have social justice across the board. And that's what we're seeing in this time, different groups are coming together and realizing that we all share similar ideals. We all want, you know, clean air, clean water, clean food and a decent place to raise our family, and not be exploited. I've seen over the last year or two alot of change, with different progressive groups coming together and hookin' up. And I think that's how we find compassion, looking at others' situations. I don't really have faith in the electoral process to change things.

I think that where things are gonna change is that people are going to get involved outside of this process, and become more active in their communities.

SLUG: I was reading an interview with Suge Knight in *Razor* magazine. He was saying he's "black", and that he hates the term African-American. He said a lot of people have worked hard to be called 'American', and that it is racist to call someone African-American. What are your thoughts on that?

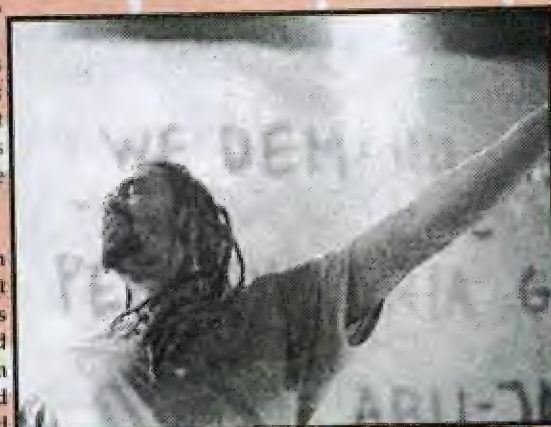
MICHAEL: I feel like the hyphen between African and American is as wide as the Pacific ocean. Ultimately, we're all citizens of this earth. But I think that culturally it's very important to recognize Africa. It's very important to recognize the distinct culture of African

people living on this continent and in this hemisphere. I don't consider myself to be African-American or American. I don't pledge allegiance to any flag. I consider myself to be one of the flowers of the Creator.

SLUG: What does Black History mean to you?

MICHAEL: People think why should we care about other peoples' culture, what's the point? And the thing is that in difficult times, all you have is your culture. Can you imagine being in the bottom of a slave ship? I went to this museum where I laid down in the hold of this slave ship and put on these chains. And I could sort of imagine, just for a second, what it might've been like being in there with hundreds of other people, laying in feces, the rocking of the boat in the cold ocean with people

dying all around you. And you think what could get me through this time? And the only two things that get you through it, that you have down there, are faith in whatever you perceive to be your Creator and some form of expression. The only form of expression they had was song, because there was no paper or the tools to write with, and love for each other. Culture is that thing we lean on when times are hard. And our expression of culture: be it through our beliefs, the way we sing our songs, make our food, our dances, our dress, the way we wear our hair, these are the things we lean on when times are tough. The more that you know about other people's culture, the more that you have to borrow from in difficult times. We need to try to learn about each other and not just develop 'tolerance'. I hate



that word. I tolerate the fact that my phone-bill is high. We need to learn to celebrate our diversity. Rather than the "great American melting-pot", let's have it be more like a tossed salad. Where a tomato can still be a tomato and live next to a radish who lives next to a cucumber, but they still retain their own qualities. And their culture. And their pride.

-Bryan Mehr a.k.a. Shame Study

Artist Profile: Benjamin Cabey

by Bryan Mehr

On Monday, February 19, 2001 the Manhattan Loft on 2233 S. 700 E. will be transformed into a mosaic of the rebellious creativity of the 1960's. An evening of thought provoking culture, entertainment and refreshment. In

conjunction with the University of Utah, Fusion Productions will kick-off the UofU's Black Awareness Month with an art show of the original works of local artist Ben Cabey. It will feature his latest creations and will introduce his new line of 3-dimensional, free-standing sculptures. Interludes and flourishes will be provided by the Benjamin James Quartet (Ben Cabey/sax, Jamie Gallegos/keys, Plus two phantom muses there only in spirit). There will also be a cameo reading and slideshow of "Binding Ties", a

powerful play celebrating the contributions of blacks to the construction of the railroads of America, from the underground to the trans-continental.

Ben was born in New York City and moved to S.L.C. in 1972 when he was 18. Having little or no formal training in any of the arts, he proved to be a 'natural', demonstrating an instinctive knack for singing and acting besides being an accomplished and prolific visual artist. His favorite medium is acrylics (as in Krylon) on masonite which he uses to create elegant faux stone textures. He has adapted a complex technique of stenciling and masking to achieve a unique graffiti feel to his pieces. Each piece is a one-of-a-kind, hand



signed collectible. To protect his creations, Ben uses thick epoxy resin finishes which lend a depth to the works and lures you to stare. In the past he has applied his craft to design and restore furniture. His wall-sized epics, dealing with universal themes of love and strife, as well as his masks, adorn the collections of old school Jazz players like Darrel Griffith and Thurl Bailey. Lately he's been making functional art such as mirrors and clocks. He describes his silent partner Phillip Broderick as his "Foremost inspiration". Phillip has been designing and building many of the new works, freeing Ben to focus on the detailing duties.

Mr. Cabey also plays the saxophone and is an emotionally riveting performance-poet. Along with Monte Hanks, he founded Thought Patterns, S.L.C.'s premier performance-poetry troupe, in the summer of 1999. The group com-

prised of six individuals with extremely diverse backgrounds, (fivemen/one woman) started in the then Ichabob's. They would go on to do multiple shows including the May Fest and an AIDS benefit in 1999, as well as the SLUG anniversary party in

February 2000. During this time they also established the on-going open mic at the Dragonfly Cafe (2nd & 4th Wednesdays @ 7:30PM) which quickly became a popular testing ground for the amazing abundance of young literary talent in the state.

In 1992 Benjamin received the Ouladah Equiano Award of Excellence from the UofU's Department of Ethnic Studies. The award honors pioneering achievements in African-American culture and was bestowed in recognition of his many years of involvement with the U's Black Awareness Month festivities.



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The national animal rights group People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, alongside the local Utah Animal Rights Coalition, got naked against leather in Park City, Utah on Friday, January 19th. Bearing signs with the statement "Human Skin In, Animal Skin Out," eight men and women protested almost totally-naked in the sunny, but cold afternoon at the base of Historic Main Street. Sundance moviegoers stood shocked, surprised, disgusted and supportive of the demonstration.



many people applauding the success of the demonstrators in making their point. And that point? That animals suffer in factory farms, on fur farms, and slaughter houses. That the production of fur, leather, wool, and silk are unnecessary, and are genuinely cruel practices that need to be stopped.

By baring it all in the freezing cold, the protestors made the statement that they'd rather go naked than wear the skin of another animal, regardless of whether it is unfashionable fur, or so-called "in" leather, which both contribute to the exploitation and suffering of animals.

Many people have the misconception that animal rights activists protest the sale of fur on one hand, but then wear leather shoes or leather jackets. To the contrary, as the people who make such comments realize, leather is just as cruel, unnecessary and exploitative as fur, and in fact occurs on a much larger scale.

For that reason, they would rather go naked than wear leather.



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Glitter, Gutter,



and Trash

Since the music industry generally takes December and January off this month's column will focus on some of the better releases from 2000 that you may have over-looked. It has been a very good year for music, that is unless you are limiting yourself to just goth. A new release and tour from the Cure, Fields of the Nephilim released a new single (really just another Nephilim track that has been kicking around for a few years) and Peter Murphy toured (there are talks of a live album to be released in 2001) and that's about it. The best goth release I heard this year was **Passion Play's** (not the defunct local band) *Stress Fractures* and that was released in 1999. Maybe 2001 will be more kind

UNTO ASHES

Moon Oppose Moon | Thrift

There was a time when Salt Lake was a budding Projekt records market; those days would seem to be over. Perhaps it is the demise of Lycia (who have a new collection of rare tracks coming soon) or the changes in *Love Spirals* downwards sound and lineup. Maybe it was just aickle buying audience. All that aside here is **Unto Ashes** sounding somewhat like early **Miranda Sex Garden** with minimal orchestration. They call it neo-folk. I call it somewhat boring because I think **October Project's** mix of medireview and contemporary stylings is far more interesting. The songs on *Moon Oppose Moon* are well crafted and the vocals are as enchanting as they need to be. I hear their live shows are fantastic and vibrant, I just wish I felt like this album was.

MANMANDALAY

Inshet | V2 UK

I discovered **Mandalay** while digging through a singles bargain bin in London a few years back and love them as passionately as I did the first time I heard the b-side 'Sleep.' They aren't exactly traditional trip-hop even though at one point **Mandalay** was called the next **Portishead**. A claim that isn't fair or accurate, where **Portishead** brilliantly uses cold precision **Mandalay** infuses warmth without losing the raw emotional quality. The first two singles 'Not Seventeen' and 'Deep Love' are beautiful examples of disappointed love songs. The hang over of expectations unfulfilled. On par with their first album and only a step away from complete brilliance. This would easily be in my top 5 of 2000. The only serious drawback being their cover of 'Blame it on the Sun' was stuck as a b-side to 'Deep Love' when it should have been on the album.

MARC ALBANO

Live at the Liverpool Philharmonic Hall 1942 | Nucle UK

Marc has been overly kind as of late releasing limited edition live albums via his official website. Here we find Marc alone with Martin Watkins on piano, both showcasing their considerable talent. The set consists of 16 tracks and candid moments of explanation a la **VH1's Storyteller** series. There will be some that complain the track listing is lacking the big pop hits of his career, but that is half the charm. Marc can throw the big parties, as seen with *12 Years of Tears*, and he can enchant in more intimate spaces. Few artists are able, let alone comfortable swinging between the two. Even the more grandiose tracks taken down to piano and voice sound natural, and more importantly vibrant. Included are 'Meet Me In My Dream,' 'Stories of Johnny,' 'Torch,' 'In My Room,' 'Orpheus In Red Velvet,' 'Waifs and Strays,' and the elusive track 'Amnesia Nights.' Not quite like seeing Marc live, but a nice reminder of when I was. Buy it today. The Marc and the Mambas live record has all ready sold out. This will as well.

GENEVA
Weather Underground | Nucle UK

If there is one thing that **Geneva's** last album further lacked it was diversity. Although a solid release you couldn't help but feel they weren't taking any risks. Perhaps they were chasing the coattails of the likes of **Gene** who were essentially picking up where **The Smiths** left off and were unaware of their own sense of style. On *Weather Underground* we find the band branching out, adding a welcomed bit of rock and electronic noise to mix with their melancholy. Yes, the album sounds a bit disjointed at times which some may confuse with a lack of direction. The subtle lyrics however suggest the themes of loss, change and progression. Imagining the relationship spoken of in 'if you have to go' come to a resolution in 'a place in the sun' is a striking example of how emotions and perspective change everything. Keep an eye on this band their next release could be brilliant.

DEAD OR ALIVE

Fragile | Avex Trax Japan

When I first saw this release I picked it up reluctantly because half of the tracks are old hits re-recorded with 6 new songs. What I found upon listening to the album was the missing energy that their last release *Nukleopatra* seemed to be lacking. The newly recorded versions of 'Turn Around and Count to Ten,' 'Something in my House,' 'My Heart goes Bang,' 'Lover Come Back to Me' and 'Blue Christmas' are all solid re-workings. Only 'You Spin Me' and the cover 'Even Better Than the Real Thing' sound tired. And the new tracks? Excellent. 'Hit and Run Lover' is a classic **DOA** single, 'Just What I Wanted' and 'I Paralyze' are also quite good. The real surprise comes on 'I Promised Myself' a cover with a completely different feel with more guitar than normally found on an entire **DOA** record. And when Pete sings 'Isn't it a pity that I'm not the prettiest girl in the world' on 'Isn't it a Pity' you know that things are looking up again.

MUSE

The Part at which it falls apart | Metropolis

A fantastic band to see live: last summer I was lucky enough to see **Muse** in concert twice and should the opportunity arise, I'll gladly travel to see them again. how are they on record? From one point of view they are just another synthpop band, but what a good synthpop band they are. untraditional song structures with backing vocals that echo those of **Depeche Mode** and for the most part, intelligent lyrics. Songs you can sing along with, hooks that get stuck in your head and a back catalog of great singles and albums. A rare reminder of a time when synthpop wasn't just sugar without having to convert to a dark edm/industrial sound (a la **Gary Numan**, **Information Society**, **Red Flag**, etc.)

RED FLAG

The Crypt | Plan B

After seeing **Red Flag** at **Area 51**, I wasn't sure how to approach their new album. The show was good enough, a fun night out, but that doesn't always translate on studio recordings. I was pleasantly surprised to find that the album was better than the live show. the vocals are less stagnant and the music more clear, the atmospherics more effective. those expecting synthpop, however, be warned. Much like many other electronic bands of the late 80's, **Red Flag** has adapted to the times with a darker sound, although when compared to **Gary Numan** and **InSoc** they still seem a bit cheerful. A solid release.

BADLY DRAWN BOY

The Hour of Bewilderbeast | XL Recordings

Radiohead and surprisingly **Cold Play** have received a well-deserved amount of press and/or radio play, but they aren't the only British bands who released well-crafted albums in 2000. **Badly Drawn Boy** was crowned the king of the UK and **The Doves** released their debut to critical acclaim. The members of the doves also so happened to play backing band to **badly drawn boy** on a handful of tracks on his album. on both, you never quite know where the vocals are going to come from or how they'll sound. The music shifts from moody organ droning to cascading acoustics to more straight ahead Brit-pop. of the two, I prefer **Lost Souls**, simply because it is more atmospheric. but, as I learned yesterday when spiraled together they compliment each other beautifully.

I got left out for a month, so kill me. I guess most of you are expecting some sort of top ten albums for 2000 or something. Those of you that have followed my criticisms and my indulgences over the past year pretty much know how what I think is the best and which sucked (which was most). No. No top ten for 2000. Maybe next year.

Moving on to better things, this month is completely dedicated to the local music scene. I must say that I am very impressed with the things that are happening in Salt Lake as far as our local electronic scene. My thanks go to all of you that worked your asses off to get me a recording of your material for review. Apologies to the few that I couldn't fit into my allotted word count. I simply chose the ones that got me the most material. I don't have contacts quite yet for all of these artists, so if a source to get the music isn't included in the review, feel free to email me at modus_operandi2001@yahoo.com and I'll hopefully have a contact by then.

MISERY INC - HAPPY

The name seems a little cliché, but it fits the scheme of the music oh so very well. Paul Gilbert is an electronic madman that should be put on suicide watch if he knew what was best for him. This is some of the darkest, intimate material I've heard in a long time, local or not. Sort of a cross between Wumpscut and Skold with a lot of other associated metal and electro influences. Out of the 13 or so tracks, a few are just drawn out samples. One track is a 911 call that that was very creatively incorporated, and another is some sort of sampled boyfriend/girlfriend argument that ends with a gunshot, appropriately titled *She Loves Me*. Overall production work is above average. Songwriting and composition is way above average.

ALGORITHM DECONSTRUCT

The first time I listened to this 5 track demo it had my complete and undivided attention for several days. The music jumped out and grabbed me, and didn't let go. This is brilliantly put together with obvious influences deriving from Skinny Puppy for sound usage, and Velvet Acid Christ for arrangement. There are obviously other factors at hand, but that's what stood out the most. The outro track is a very Beethoven'esque piano loop which was not hard for me to fall in love with. Very good, very original work. The brainchild of Algorithm has been involved in the local music scene for some time, best known for his work with a notorious goth band which shall remain nameless for purposes of me simply not wanting to mention it (and maybe saving him some embarrassment). The production needs a little fine tuning, but everything else seems to be running very smoothly.

UBER FACTION - ONSLAUGHT

This is by far the most club friendly of anything local I received. Fucking brutal; I love it. AGGRO! AGGRO! Aggro is good. Aggro is your friend. Now let's take the brutality and contrast it with some mellow, eerie female vocals and we have a concept that has been used by others, but used more in moderation making Uber Faction a very balanced product. You can find *Onslaught* at Modified, and I suggest you at least stop by and give it a listen if nothing else. I have played this disc for numerous people and the response seems to be very positive. Your resident Area 51 DJs have also been rather taken by these guys, so be expecting to hear some of their material being played on Friday nights.

<http://www.geocities.com/uberfaction/index.html> - xerietexon@gmail.com



Consisting of only one member that simply goes by

MELTING HIFI - CITY LIGHTS

E Noise, Melting Hifi has taken the experimental realm of the electronic genre to a new chaotic level for me. Never before have I ever met a man that is as passionate about his music than this particular individual. I've said it before, and I'll continue to say that the experimental thing is not really what I hold close to my musical heart, but after talking to Eric (aka E Noise) on numerous occasions, I've begun to see things in a new light. This short demo contains some of the most lawless beats I've ever laid my ears on. One particular track *Insight-A Pill Riot* I was quite taken by, as well as an extra track he put on my copy of his disc called *Pacemaker* (finish this song, punk!). You can find the music on Napster, and I'm also pretty sure you'll be hearing some of this at Area 51.

LITTLE SAP DUNGEON

Where to start, where to start. Hmm... Well, I suppose I can be redundant and talk about how I first saw these guys play at Ya Buts a few months ago. I just sat there wide-eyed not knowing what to think of it. Don't get the wrong idea, I like it a lot, it was just a little overwhelming at first; kind of caught me off guard. These guys have grown on me like a virus. I've spent countless hours absorbing their chaotic bliss. They cover the old Velvet Underground song *Venus in Furs* that I think everybody needs to hear at least once, but the original material is much better. I mean, who couldn't love a song called *Fucking a Bishop's Daughter*? Seriously, this shit kicks ass. The sample usage is by far what stood out to me the most. Everything is arranged very well. Vocals are reminiscent of Suicide Commando, while a lot of the sounds remind me of a Dead Voices on Air and Klute mix (what a combo). Don't miss their next performance, I'll be sure to put in mention before it happens.

PERCEPTION CLEANSE PERCEPTION

The voice of Little Sap Dungeon flying solo. A lot more beat driven than LSD, and a lot more drum'n'bass oriented. This guy is just fucking pissed. It's songs like *The Sickening* that make me feel like our local scene is going places; good places. It's not a song that could make an ex-girlfriend of his too comfortable, and I'll just leave it at that. *Monster Inside Your Head* is another example of fine sampling in dark, yet dancy, electro. I wish I had more material from this particular project; it's always good to leave the listener begging for more, which in the case, is the situation.



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LOST FILMS FOUND by Brian Staker

There's a new kid on the block on the film festival scene the week of Park City and surrounding area film festivals this year. "A lot of our films slipped through the cracks of the mainstream independent film market," says Lost Film Fest Director Scott Beiben, referring to the strange sub-genres that Sundance has perhaps helped produce. "Our films are searching, asking questions on a metaphysical level." And it's true; in very few of the other festivals, even the "indie" ones, can you find movies that question the social and political status quo in this country. The Lost Film Fest, which began in West Philadelphia (Beiben says "the coolest city in America") joins with the San Francisco IndieFest to bring a host of truly independent voices to the WhateverDance scene this year.

"I spent time in San Francisco. We screened 'Godass' this summer at the San Francisco Gay & Lesbian Film Festival, and I noticed there was a lot of crossover programming between their programming and ours. Everyone was broke, so it made sense to team up with another fest. We had such similar ideological points of view." He went to Park City last year as a producer for RegenerationTV.net, a protest group that utilizes various media to make its points. "There was nothing like it here, and they needed something like we were doing here. We do show political films, but we also want to make people laugh. Unlike some other left of center groups, we like to have fun."

"Our goal was to present challenging films, and show truly independent movies. Most of the other fests are about more commercial aspects. We want to get information

out that's not available to the mainstream. Films about the Bush inaugural protests, and the WTO protests, reveal the truth about state oppression. Our films are also experimental: they are films by people who aren't limited by the film school paradigm." Introducing the screenings, Beiben says "we're a lot more ghetto than Sundance. We're action films for the anarchy set."

Beiben started his fest, which opened earlier that week at the Christian Center in Park City and then repeated with screenings Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 27-28 at Kilby Court, on a humorous note. A short about absurdist wrestling matches with people dressed in crazy costumes like a club sandwich or a robot is followed by "Kung Fu Jew," a satire of martial arts-plotation movies with a message of racial harmony. A trailer for "Acne" plays to the "gross out" faction with people whose heads are giant pimples. Then on to more serious fare.

"Godass" is a moving, well-acted feature-length about a punk girl's



trek to New York to distribute her zine and her reconciliation with her father and acceptance of his homosexuality. Among the finely tuned performances is a cameo by Fred Schneider as the longtime partner and sometime housemate of the father. Depictions of youth culture, both in the South and the Big Apple, are refreshing in their accuracy and humor. "It's about alienation," says Beiben. The movie tackles the subject from both the father and daughter's perspective, and is ultimately quite healing without seeming like a contrived resolution. The film won Best Feature at the Chicago Underground Film Fest. But it could also stand up against many polished Hollywood-produced dramas, it's that good.

Beiben explains the festival's realism: "a lot of these films were made

by the people they are about. "Poetic License" is about teen poetry slams. "Down Time" is a true story about life in prison." "Heavy Metal Parking Lot" gives a picture of life in that subculture. "Edge of Quarrel" depicts the war of punk rock vs. straightedge kids. "Breaking the Spell," perhaps the film with the biggest buzz at the Lost Film Fest, is a documentary about the WTO protest in Seattle in November 1999. "It's one of the most popular films in the activist crowd," Beiben points out. The protests aren't just something that happens somewhere else; about 100 people joined in the protest against the Bush inauguration here at the Utah State Capitol building in solidarity with these progressives elsewhere. Beiben makes no bones about his fest's political viewpoint; festival newsletters feature a George Bush-headed giant scorpion shooting laser beams out of its eyes.

Jessica Rockstar, who appears in and helped make the Bush protest film, makes a guest appearance to introduce footage from the inaugural protests, and tells about a site with pictures from the protests around the country including Salt Lake, indymedia.org. "Breaking the Spell" deals with the same themes of democratic protest on a deeper level. Footage of property being destroyed and police reacting in riot gear are startling to those who might think that kind of thing only happens in the Balkans. Protesters comment as well. "The plan is to take Seattle and have some fun with it," one says light-heartedly. But the range of emotions depicted is quite striking, and runs the gamut from humor to rage to terror. One protester explains the theory that "the Trilateral Commission controls the world economy. They're used to treating the world as their labor force."

It's not completely clear what the protesters are trying to achieve, other than disrupt the WTO and create chaos, which they certainly do. Another protester says "society is overrun with propaganda that supports itself, and makes it look normal. We want people to look at McDonald's and say, this is fucked up. How can I get out of this system?" Conflict between protesters is highlighted humorously when one protester questions another for burning newspapers because "those

are recyclable." One woman rationalizes the protesters' destructiveness, "I'm not one who believes that property is more sacred than ideas." The debate about violent vs. non-violent protest creates tension, and the police's heavy-handed response, arresting and even beating some protesters, doesn't help matters. One young man exclaims, "Fuck peaceful. The cops don't know peace." A woman describes the elation that is the upper spectrum of the protest experience: "there's nothing like running with a group of people all in black, liberating your desires..." After a montage of protest footage backed with an eerie sound-



SCOTT BEIBEN & CREW IN PARK CITY

track of music with a hip-hop beat, the film ends with one of the protesters saying, "We were breaking windows to try to break the spell. We're trying to get people to wake up before it's too late." Which could also be said of the Lost Film Festival. Screenings were accompanied by musical performances by the Guitorchestra, Ether and a midnight performance by the Know Nothing Family Freakshow Zirkus. Find out more info about the Lost Film Fest at lostfilmfest.com.

When we spoke the week after the festival, Beiben said, "I am really pissed off. The First Amendment was rolled back at Park City during the film fests. There was no leafletting allowed, and you couldn't even walk up to someone on the streets and discuss your film. We had to pay a \$250 fee just to screen our films for two days; it's unconscionable. It's a blow to the independent spirit, and art in general. Next year they'd better look out, because people will protest. The thing that keeps the festival interesting are the satellites. Most filmmakers aren't millionaires. Sundance had better not bite the hand that feeds it."

ROCK ON by Brian Staker

There's not just Sundance anymore. Oh, you knew that, but since Slamdance and its sisters, how to keep track of the lesser fests that take to the hills each January? No Dance aimed to be the punk rock cousin of the other Dances, and this year it was as cutting-edge as ever, being the first DVD-projected film festival. Among the selections in its fourth year is the Austin, Texas produced "Rock Opera." We met Director Bob Ray and the star of this tale of drugs & rock'n'roll craziness, Jerry Don Clark.

"As a kid, I knew I wanted to make films," says Ray. "In Austin, it's inevitable that you get into the music scene, and the film scene. I made several super 8 shorts, and had just two vcrs for editing. I joined the Austin Cinemakers' Co-op, and that opened a lot of doors. I was on the board as equipment director for a long time." His isn't a story of film student made good, but do-it-yourself from the grass roots up.

"A lot of characters in "Rock Opera" are close to real people. Some are dead-on to characters in Austin. The plot gets out of hand, but it's based on a lot of things that happen in the Austin music scene." Local musician Toe (Clark) tries to raise funds for his band's tour by selling weed, and from there the plot twists and turns until finally spinning out of control. By the end of the movie Toe has "double crossed half a dozen of the meanest sons of bitches in Texas," but also puts himself in a position to achieve his dreams. Full of great band footage from the Austin punk scene, Toe's band in the movie, PigPoke, is Clark's band in real life. Notable Austin bands like Fuckemos, Ed Hall, and the Butthole Surfers are also featured.

"I was basically his guinea pig," laughs Clark about being directed by longtime friend Ray. "We'd been roommates and played in bands together." Ray interjects, "He's a total ham. I wrote "Rock Opera" around PigPoke and other bands. I wanted to make a film,

and what resources did I have? Bands and drugs. The summer of 94, when the film takes place, was "pill summer" in Austin, before they started cracking down on Rohypnol." One of the biggest users in the film is Fuckemos vocalist Russ Porter, playing a more pill-popping version of himself. The prolific drug taking in the film gets to the extreme that Toe's band is out of commission snorting ether out of balloons when it's time to load up the van and head out.

"It was the hottest summer in Austin when we filmed it," Ray describes the always arduous filmmaking process. I had to apologize for abusing friends' houses. Being local, I had a lot of easy access to places like houses and bars." The location shooting adds to the realism and believability of the film. "When we first started shooting, people were skeptical, but the support of the Co-op made a big difference.

"It definitely depicted the day-to-day life of punk part of the Austin music scene," explained Clark. "If you're without weed, you're always thinking about getting some weed." "The film depicts the reality within the fiction," adds Ray. "But there's weirder stuff than this that goes on



too. Little funny things in the movie, like the guy slipping on shit on the restroom floor, really happened. Also the first scene, where a guy masturbated into a drier at a laundromat, was based on reality. People probably think I'm fascinated with driers; I used to like to get inside for a spin." Another difficult to watch, and Ray says difficult to



shoot scene, was Toe and a friend doing elephant tranquilizer by shooting each other in the butt with a dart gun.

The movie was the ultimate "DIY" filmmaking experience. "All our friends in the movie worked for free. Everybody wanted to get their hands wet on a feature, and they all stuck it out." The harmony on the set perhaps was the mirror opposite of the insanity that ended up on the screen. His attempts at getting the film screened were truly indie as well. "I made a spreadsheet and listed all the festivals, then wrote them all a pathetic email about how poor I am. Many either reduced or waived their entry fee." "One thing really helped," adds Clark, "being accepted by SXSW 1999 as a work in progress. If you get that thumbs-up, that's a seal of approval." "And we got accepted at the Austin Film Fest, which is a writer's fest," says Ray, surprised.

Several distributors have shown interest at NoDance and the film's other screenings at the San Francisco Indie Fest and the New York Underground Film Festival. Ray's music video for Nashville Pussy's song "Fried Chicken and Coffee," which appears in "Rock Opera," was also screened this year at the TromaDance Film Festival. "Rock Opera" has "cult movie" written all over it. "A lot of cult movies don't make a lot starting out, but keep making money over time," Ray says hopefully.

"A lot of films try to depict the punk scene, but don't come off right," believes Clark. "Like "SLC Punk," although "Suburbia" was great and raw. It's nice to be a part

of something you feel proud of. It's part of the whole punk rock attitude: "keep it real." "The film definitely found an audience in Austin," says Ray. "The bands all played at the opening. One critic thought we piped in the smell of weed, but nope, it was the bands really firing up!"

As I depart, Clark prepares to promote the film walking up and down Main Street in a giant blue bong outfit. Across from the hifalutin Egyptian Theater, Ray plans to put on a slide show of bongs and other paraphernalia from NoDance's Main Street Mall balcony, in preparation for their non-competition screening Noon, Friday Jan. 26. The marketing effort, including "old school" schrag like "Rock Opera" lighters, "Texas-size" rolling papers and posters done on Ray's home computer, will put them in play for the Golden Orbs Award for Most Creative Marketing Campaign.

But before I leave, I have to ask them about one more scene. "The drag race after the final credits really happened too," laughs Ray. "Miss Laura ran the Blue Flamingo, a drag queen club during the day and punk rock venue at night. The "drag race" featured men in drag running from bar to bar, drinking a shot at each, and whoever got back first won \$20 and a fifth of whiskey. The winner was sometimes the one who grabbed the first shot and smashed the others off the table." Find out more about NoDance at www.nodance.com.

LOVE & LUST FOR A STIFF STUD

By David Wilson

In *Play Dead*, the attention-grabbing feature at *Slamdance* this year with the most laughs, Director Jeff Jenkins takes us on a comical, twisted tale of being faced with the object of one's affection.

High school sophomore, Dale Spilter (Nathan Bexton), is your average gay, drama nerd with a huge crush on hunky wrestling team captain, Raymond Haver (Jason Hall). While babysitting the cynical, seven-year-old, Dustine (Jessica Stone), in white-trash trailer park, Dale's best friend Violet (Diva Zappa) causes freak accident that results in the explosion of a truck. Horrified, she heads straight to the trailer park to tell Dale. On Dustine's advice, the three of them drive back to the scene of the accident. Dale is shocked to find Raymond's body thrown from the truck. Violet checks for a pulse, but can feel none. Seeing this as an ideal opportunity to fulfill his fantasies with Raymond, Dale suggests

that they take the body back the trailer park to clean it up, remove fingerprints and destroy evidence.

From then on, this fast-paced flick is a wild ride with a series of near run-ins with the police, Raymond's parents, and Dustine's sex-crazed, drunken stepmother.

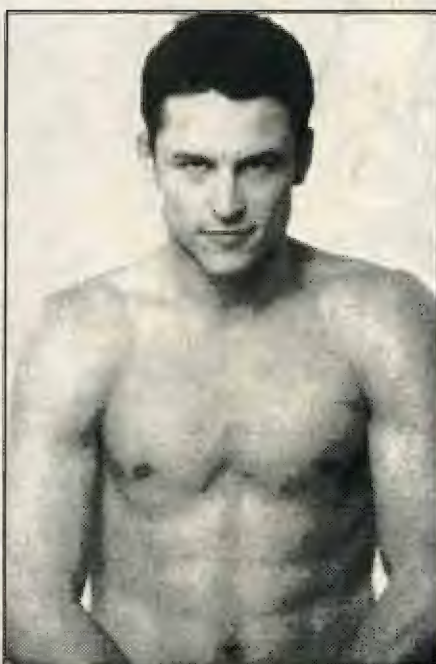
Director Jeff Jenkins explains, "I think anyone who's ever lived in a small town can relate to the characters in this film—especially Dale and how he deals with being different."

"People always seem to lust after the unattainable," continues Zappa. "*Play Dead* shows the drastic measures people will take, to get what they can't have."

"Being heterosexual, it's a real challenge, playing homosexual roles and doing them believably," says film star Nathan Bexton who is famous for costarring in Greg Araki's infamous underground flick, *Nowhere*. "When I get into character, I just do the best I can at the time and use my natural instincts."

"Like a monk is married to his God, I am married to my art," Bexton continues, taking his acting very seriously. "But I try not to limit myself to one medium. I am working on music right now, I also draw and paint."

"It's definitely a bit strange



Hard-bodied stiff, Raymond, (Jason Hall) is the center of attention in Jeff Jenkins's *PLAY DEAD*.

to see yourself on the big screen for the first time," says film costar Diva Zappa. "But I'm really happy with the finished film."

From the on-again-off-again funding difficulties to living a real trailer park for three weeks, shooting *Play Dead*, was an adventure in itself.

"Living in a trailer park was definitely an interesting experience, but not something I would do again" adds Bexton. "We were close to finishing shots for the film, and Diva got in a serious accident."

"I cracked my head open, and had to get stitches," she adds. "But you can't even tell which shots before and after the accident."

"In the middle the production we lost our funding, and then someone gave me a paint-by-numbers picture of the *Last Supper*," says Jenkins. "I took this as a sign from God, everything came together after that, and I finished the film."

Until this must-see comedy starts screening in theaters, visit: www.playdeadmovie.com.

"Pass the salt,
and shut the hell up."

(Mixing dinner conversation with movie etiquette since 1997.)

BREWVIES

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Dale (Nathan Bexton) contemplates sex with the once-living Raymond (Jason Hall).

Director, Ashley Hunt, remembers reading a New York Times article, "They were analyzing a juvenile prison and uncovered gross human rights violations, and being a privatized prison, the focus was profits rather than helping to rehabilitate the children who are thrown behind bars."

PRISONS FOR SALE

BY DAVID WILSON

privatized prison industry.

"If you look at history, before the 60's we still used far more rehabilitative measures to lower crime than we do today," explains Hunt. "Right now, our government is wasting millions of tax dollars to lock people up, yet spending little funds to prevent crime and rehabilitate criminals."

Since prisoners in privatized prisons labor for free to keep their prisons running (such as kitchen and janitorial labor), and since these privatized prisons can charge states \$30 to \$60 per bed per day, they are making a huge profit.

"It's legalized slavery," claims Hunt.

Due to the powerful lobbying efforts of the corporate prisons, the masses in the US appear to be convinced that increased sentences are essential for reduction of crime-which according to Hunt, doesn't add up.

"The 'tough on crime' ideology assumes that people commit crime because laws aren't strict enough," Hunt continues. "People commit crimes out of poverty, rage, ignorance, drug addiction and even

"Prisons are factories for crime-not a solution," Hunt continues. "Many prisoners will be locked up again and again, oftentimes for the same crimes, because the prisons do little or nothing to rehabilitate them-which is the only way to insure consistent growth and profit for the privatized prison business."

Judging from the facts, the privatized prison industry is big business-a 50 billion dollar industry that thrives on putting people behind bars and free labor.

Right now, the prison industry is targeting children, which leaves human rights groups in a panic.

"It's really sad," says Hunt, "Our government won't sufficiently increase funding for

"WE'D LIKE FOR THE GUARDS TO STOP HITTING US, AND WE'D LIKE MORE FOOD." - CHILDREN FROM TALLULAH JUVENILE PRISON

public schools or build decent recreational facilities, but they will spend millions of tax dollars on juvenile prisons."

Exploiting the "do-the-adult-crime-do-the-adult-time" rhetoric, the juvenile prison industry is booming, targeting children at ages as young as 9. To keep profits high, these young victims of the prison business are often malnourished and physically abused. Human rights organizations have documented cases of children with ruptured eardrums, resulting from blows to their heads. Cuts and

bruises seem commonplace. Cases of sexual abuse are also documented.

When asked by Human Rights Watch what they wanted to change about the juvenile prison in Tallulah, the children responded, "We'd like for the guards to stop hitting us, and we'd like more food."

"The privatized prison industry is not

concerned with addressing the real problems that cause crime or reducing crime," explains Hunt, "What they are concerned with is their shareholders and continuing to make a profit."

See this film and brace yourself to be forever changed in the way you view criminals, prisons and our government in general.

For more information, visit: www.independentfilms.com/corrections.

Corrections exposes the fact that the Civil War never truly abolished slavery. Almost immediately following the war, politicians and corporations were already finding ways to re-enslave newly liberated African-Americans. At a time when most African-Americans had no land, laws were passed prohibiting vagrancy. In addition, the Thirteenth Amendment passed, outlawing slavery in all cases

"WHAT [PRIVATIZED PRISONS] ARE CONCERNED WITH IS THEIR SHAREHOLDERS AND CONTINUING TO MAKE A PROFIT." - ASHLEY HUNT



Photo: Ashley Hunt

have yet to see a convict who committed a crime because a law wasn't strict enough."

Hunt makes a good point, and the statistics are in his favor. As sentences for nonviolent crime increased, crime and incarceration increased. Since 1970, prison population growth increased 614%. Today, the U.S. has a higher rate of incarceration than any other country in the world-some experts claim the highest in history.

except when people were convicted of crimes. With the new laws outlawing vagrancy, many African-Americans found themselves criminalized and held behind bars. Southern states began leasing their African-American convicts out to private businesses; often back to the same plantation owners they had just been freed from. Atrocious as it sounds, none of what happened after the Civil War could

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Stacy Peralta circa 1975

Photo: C.R. Stecyk

Bagpipes, Boston, and Beer—An Interview with The Dropkick Murphys
By Steve Goldsmith

Few cities on earth are as unforgiving as Boston, fitting for a band like The Dropkick Murphys. Fear and respect came to me the instant I picked up the phone. On the other end was Ken Casey of The Dropkick Murphys, his thick Boston accent and gruff voice hit me in the side of the head like a ton of bricks. Some people have it—most don't—that hard voice the phrase "Do not even try to fuck with me" resides in, riding the wave of each word out of their mouths. Consider this voice a gift from the city of Boston back to its people, a gift from the life in its streets and the life of its history.

History is a funny thing though, as far as what people know of it. I'm sure I am not alone in believing that most people only know Boston because it was the city where they had that "tea party" thing a while back. Or, some may know Boston because of this team who wears green (or white) and that they like to put balls through baskets (a lot too in the 80's). However, ask anyone who is from Boston about its history and these two probably won't even get mentioned. For you see, for these people, these Bostonians, history is not this communal object, some shared national jewel of knowledge to be taught in every classroom. No, history for Bostonians is personal, like being brought up in an Irish household, subjected to traditional Irish music when all you want to hear is loud punk rock. Ken Casey is just such a person, and The Dropkick Murphys are just such a band. It would have been easy for him to turn off his parent's records (or his up), but instead he, like his band-mates, took them both and made them into one. Doing so has made The Dropkick Murphys more than a band that plays music, they are a band that plays history, a history of a certain people from a special place.

If, after reading this interview, someone asks you if you know a thing or two about Boston, don't tell them about wet tea or bouncing balls, tell them the history of The Dropkick Murphys. Then, quietly walk away and give Boston a little "Thanks" for sharing something as personal and cherished as The Dropkick Murphys, and know that this history is yours too.

SLUG: Your music has always combined Irish folk music with punk rock, were you exposed to traditional music at an early age, and how did it become part of your punk rock?

CASEY: That was definitely music I heard long before I wanted to hear it, it was like the soundtrack to life. Basically over the years I ended up growing to like it and it seemed a natural combination to mix with punk rock, especially for us anyway, it wasn't really a conscious effort. We started to notice that some of the songs, maybe the vocal delivery had that kind of feel (of traditional music) to it when we were originally starting out as a band. We took it from there and said if it has that feel, then let's add the Celtic instruments to it.

SLUG: I noticed you've got some new additions to the band since the last record.

CASEY: Basically we've been searching for full

time members to play some of those additional instruments we've always had on record. It's tougher to find younger people that have a grasp of that type of music and those instruments. You know you don't find 18-year-old bagpipers on every corner. But everything fell into place, and everyone was right for the band and it worked out good.

SLUG: A lot of other bands include The Dropkick Murphys on their liner notes as one of the bands they would like to thank, do you think that The Dropkick Murphys are one of the most influential bands in punk rock?

CASEY: No, that would probably be pretty arrogant of me to say we are—you know we're out there just doing our thing. I think maybe some people have been inspired by the work ethic we put in, like as far as non-stop touring and releases. We've released 15 singles, 3 full lengths, a bunch of comps, and have toured 10 months a year for the last 3 years, so maybe we've been influential in that degree. Other than that, we just have a lot of good friends out there that probably feel like they gotta thank us.

SLUG: Do you feel that the new line-up can keep The Dropkick Murphys at the level it has reached?

CASEY: Yeah, I think it can take it to another level from the response of people already. The new line-up has been touring for nine months now, it's getting a lot of attention now because of the new release (*Sing Loud, Sing Proud*) coming out, and what not. It's the first record a lot of the guys have been on, but it's a more entertaining live show now, with more people on stage, more stuff going on. The songwriting, in my opinion, has gotten better, so it only helps.

SLUG: How did adding new members change your stage show, and what can we expect to see at a Dropkick Murphys show?

CASEY: A lot of people on stage both musicians and kids, just more chaos on stage. We're all trying to run around, changin' you know, plugging bagpipes into one mic, and the next song a whistle, it's good, it's chaos. It keeps us on our toes.

SLUG: What would you say you love the most about Dropkick Murphy shows and fans, and on the flipside, what pisses you off the most?

CASEY: Probably just the enthusiasm and loyalty that the people that support the band have for us, that's definite. A lot of them I can call friends, I never would have met them if it weren't for the band. What pisses me off the most is just the petty inter-fighting and squabbling between people and bands in the punk rock scene.

SLUG: In your bio on the *Epitaph* website, you talk

Dropkick Murphys



about "Fortunes of War" (on the new album) being dedicated to a fan that was killed in Texas, do all your songs have such personal dedications and intentions attached to them?

CASEY: Not all do, but a good portion yeah. To me, just like writing songs about first hand experiences or things that are close to you just makes it all that more great to be able to play and perform those songs night after night. It makes them nearer and dearer to us and keeps us a lot more enthusiastic about what we're doing. Our songs are all over the place, from tributes to people who died, to songs about getting drunk, to political songs about organized labor. It's hard to pin down exactly what they mean to us, but all the songs have some personal meaning to us.

SLUG: Ok, which of The Dropkick Murphys can drink the most?

CASEY: That would be Mr. Spicy McHaggis, our bagpipe player—would you expect anyone other than a bagpiper to win that contest?

SLUG: With St. Patrick's Day around the corner, do The Dropkick Murphys have something special planned to celebrate?

CASEY: We're playing our hometown of Boston for the first time since 1997, it should be quite an experience.

SLUG: Do you have anything else to say to your fans?

CASEY: Hope you come out to the shows, hope you like the new record. Keep the faith.

I'd like to thank Ken Casey for his time, and *Epitaph* for setting this interview up by telling you all of The Dropkick Murphys' third full length, "*Sing Loud, Sing Proud*", being released 2/6/01, go buy it and hear a little history.



Dogtown & Z-Boys

a documentary film by

Stacy Peralta

Festival Brings

Skate Legends to Utah

by Mike Abramovitz
party photos by: Seth Bowers

Somewhere

around the beginning of January 2001, I was told by a friend that a documentary film about

Adams, Alan Losi, Neil Blender, John Lucero, Tony Alva, Scott Oster, Mark Gonzalez, Natas

Kaupas, Julien Stranger, Gator or even Christian Hosoi. Now, there's probably a few people reading this thinking, "I've heard of most of these guys!?" But I'm talking about the general public, people who have only heard about Tony Hawk or A n d y Macdonald, just because they happened to stumble across the X-Games while trying to find the Super Bowl, their favorite daily soap opera,

WWF wrestling or some other mass produced shit. It might be a good thing that skateboarding isn't as big as NFL football or Taco Bell sponsored, Reebok approved aggressive in-line masturbating. Skateboarding still has its soul, its roots and its style.

As I grew up, there were several skateboard companies that were well known, such as Madrid, Vision, Schmitt Stix, G&S, Santa Cruz, Dogtown and Tracker and Independent trucks. But probably the most memorable company was Powell Peralta, not only for its board designs, but also because of its riders. People such as Lance

Mountain, Tommy Guerrero, Steve Steadham, Rodney Mullen, Mike McGill, Per Welinder, Steve Caballero and of course Tony Hawk. The two owners of Powell Peralta were George Powell and Stacy Peralta.

As skateboarding evolved, a photographer/artist named Craig Stecyk (also part owner of the legendary Zephyr Surf Shop) documented things as they happened. As Powell Peralta grew bigger, they began releasing a series of videos. The first few were *The Bones Brigade Video Show*, *Future Primitive*, *The Search for Animal Chin*, *Public Domain* and *Ban This*. These films, along with films made by other skate companies, helped skateboarding evolve more than anything else because it showed kids how many things were possible. The people most responsible for the making of the Powell videos were Craig Stecyk and Stacy Peralta.

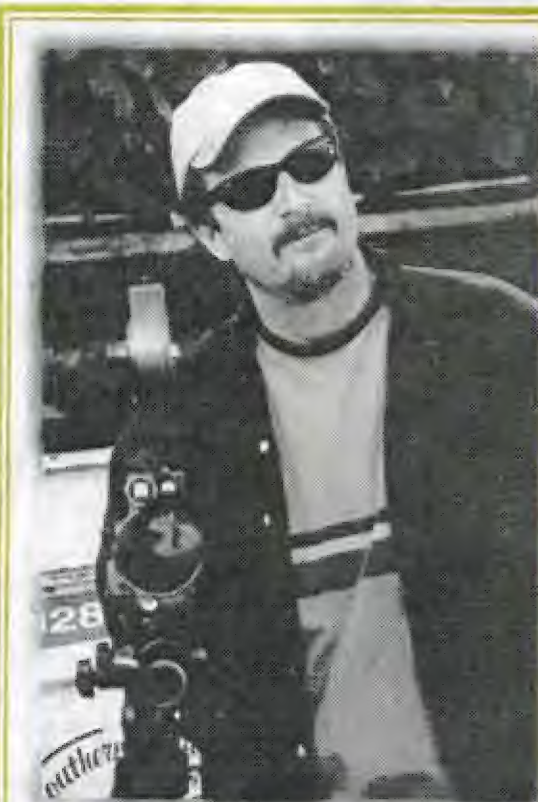
Once again, Stacy and Craig have been working together to create the *Dogtown and Z-Boys* film. The film is narrated by Sean Penn and documents skateboarding beginning in the early 1960s, but mostly focuses on the Zephyr Team or Z-Boys, who began in the early 1970s. The team consisted of Jay Adams, Tony Alva, Bob Biniak, P a u Constantineau, Shogo Kubo, Jim Muir, Peggy Oki, Nathan Pratt, Alan Sarlo, Wentzle Ruml and Stacy Peralta. These guys all rode for the Zephyr Surf

Shop that was owned by Skip Engblom, Jeff Ho and Craig Stecyk. I won't get into the film too much because it was showing in theatres during the Sundance Film Festival, so you should have seen it for yourself.

Okay kiddies, there's your history lesson for today. So, as I said, I was fortunate enough to line up an interview with Stacy Peralta and Craig Stecyk. Having a gut feeling that things wouldn't go right I began writing down random questions about five days before the interview. Things that I could ask anyone involved with the film, because I had no idea who I would end up talking too. I found out I would be talking to Stacy and Craig about twenty minutes before the interview. No stress at all. To make things worse, a girl who was making a documentary about Sundance wanted to film the interview to use for her movie. The interview, which turned out to be more of a conversation, went roughly as follows:

SLUG: So when did the idea come up to make this film and how long did it take?

Stacy: In the spring of '99. We



Stacy Peralta: Filmmaker and Original Z-Boy

Dogtown and the Z-Boys was going to be showing at Sundance. My first thought was of just being able to see the film. It turns out that I would end up interviewing Stacy Peralta and Craig Stecyk. Now, a lot of people might not know who Stacy and Craig are, let alone what Dogtown or the Z-Boys are. Also, few people know, or care, what skateboarding is about—how much fun it can be, how much pain is involved and how it has its own culture, ideas, and heroes.

Most people don't know many of the names behind skateboarding, names such as Stacy Peralta, Frank Hawk, Jay



Jay Adams circa 1975 photo by C.R. Stecyk

started filming in the spring of 2000. We made it in six months. We had a super low budget, but because Vans Shoe Company financed it, we were able to get people to do things for poverty level wages. We would line up people's whole families with shoes.

SLUG: How did you get Sean Penn to narrate the movie?

Stacy: Glen E. Friedman came into the office one day and said he had seen Sean at the X-Games with his kid. And we were all going, "he would be perfect to narrate this." And we were all looking at each other going "yeah right, that's going to happen." So Glen said, "I know someone's personal assistant

"where are you guys?" So he comes over and says, "I've only got ten minutes because I'm making my movie for Jack Nicholson." He sits down, spends about fifteen minutes with us, finally gets up and says, "man, this is really affecting me." He was so stoked. As he was watching he was going "man, is that Paul Revere Junior High? Is that Larry Bertleman?" He knew everybody because he grew up thirty minutes north of us in the area above Santa Monica. He told me that he knew all about the Z-Boys and that he skateboarded all the same

thing. It's not just going to rage all the time. It will always have its highs

to be honest with you, and this is going to get me in a lot of trouble. I think skateboarders have done



and lows, but it's definitely not going to bottom out now.

SLUG: What made you decide to get into film? Who were your influences?

Stacy: I had a next door neighbor that was a filmmaker, and he approached me one day and said "why don't you go to George, your business partner, and tell him I can make you guys a skateboard video for 5,000 dollars." So I went to George and said what do you think? He said, "for five grand we can't lose." I had no experience whatsoever, I'm not a student of film... and if anything I was inspired by [director] Sydney Lamet. The point of the matter is that I wasn't searching to do that with my life.

SLUG: So how do you feel about skate shots now a day? Shows that are on TV like Jackass?

Stacy: I'm not into that stuff, and

more to ruin the skateboarding industry than any other people in the business. Let me explain myself, in the '70s the enemy of skateboard manufacturers were the, "Taiwanese business people," they were making crappy product and they were exploiting the sport. So in the '80s there was a group of manufacturers, who stuck together and had a collective vision for the sport and they grew it. The group of us was like, "we've got to stick together and focus on something." In my estimation skateboarders have gotten way to greedy and haven't stuck together as an industry, and now ESPN has come in and now they're controlling it and they're turning everything into pro-wrestling. Everything looks the same. Craig, please counter...

Craig: I like Jackass. It's made by friends of mine, Sean Cliver and Jermaine and Spike [Jonze] and those guys, even Johnny



who knows Sean's personal assistant, let's see if we can show him the trailer that we cut." And we did, and Sean's assistant was so taken by the trailer she said, "I am going to make him sit and watch this." He did and he loved it. When Sean saw the trailer he said, "I'm interested in this, but I don't know how you guys work, I would like to see the film." So we sent a message back saying we can't send you the film because it's not ready, why don't you come to the office? Thinking, right Sean Penn is going to come to our office to see something on our time. So we were in the office one day and Paul [Crowder], the editor, with phone in hand looks at me and says, "Sean Penn is on the phone and he says that he's in his car asking

schools. So this film meant something to him, and now his little boy is growing up and he skates. So Sean had these multiple connections hitting him.

SLUG: Yeah, it's crazy how so many things are connected, like how people who used to skate are now in movies, like Jason Lee and Steve Berra, and just how big skateboarding has gotten. Do you feel that it is finally here to stay?

Stacy: Oh yeah, it's a part of American culture now. But it's a cyclical



Tony Alva circa 1975 photo by C.R. Stecyk

[Knoxville]. I enjoy those guys on a certain visceral level.

SLUG: *Definitely not the best thing for skateboarding to be synonymous with. Though it does put skateboarding in the public eye and says that were not going to go away and that we have our own complete lifestyle.*

Craig: It's got a beautiful irreverence to it. It's kind of nice that those guys destroyed the tastes of decent normalcy. But of course, the TV networks that show their stuff are the same corporate stooges that control everything else. Which is why we are at the Sundance Film Festival which celebrates independent filmmaking and limousine parking [laughter].

Stacy: As you can see Craig and I don't always agree on stuff. I don't mean to put those guys down, that just isn't my style.

SLUG: *That brings me back to shows like Skate TV on Nickelodeon. How did that come about? And when did it begin?*

Stacy: It lasted one season. A Hollywood company came to us because Nathan Pratt, who was one of the original Z-Boys, I guess it was his original con-

cept, he sold it to these Hollywood people, and then they brought Craig and I into a meeting. They were looking at us going, "these guys aren't television guys." And I remember in the meeting one day, I looked



Joe Wood of
The Lonely Ones photo: Seth Bowers

at these guys and said, "listen, you get anybody else to do this show and it's going to be so dumb. And I admit that Craig and I aren't going to give a totally polished show that all those other directors can deliver for you, but were going to give you something original that the kids want." And somehow it struck a chord and they agreed to do it.

SLUG: *With the movie, I thought it was great, because it showed how skateboarding evolved from surfing. How important do you think it is for kids these days that don't know the roots of skateboarding to see this movie?*

Stacy: I don't know, Craig what do you think. I don't know if I can answer that.

Craig: [hesitation] Yes. I believe that it's

incredibly important.

Stacy: It's hard for us to answer that stuff.

SLUG: *How do you feel about the whole Sundance thing?*

Stacy: I'll be honest with you man, I'm honored to be here, this is a privilege. . . You don't work in this business very often and get treated well . . . these people here are so dedicated, everything we need they're there. The fact of the matter is, they're embracing the film. They like the film.

SLUG: *You're promoting the film? And you're trying to get it . . .*

Stacy: We don't want it to get buried, we want to get a distributor for the film, someone who is going to believe in the film and release it on screen so kids can see it. We want people our age, like Sean Penn's age, to take their kids to the film and show them and say, "hey man, this is my life, this is what I did."

After the interview my Slug colleague and I heard about a party for the film that was going on that night. After smooth talking some industry people, we received the proper invitational passes. The shuttle provided for us to get to the party turned out to be a suburban limousine, pure Tinsel Town excess. The party was held at a four story mansion atop a ski-run in a super plush neighborhood above Park City. Numerous skate and movie stars were intermingling.

The party was sponsored by Vans Shoes, Dogtown skateboards,



Tony Hawk at the D.T. Party

Rolling Stone magazine, and Skyy Vodka. The bands, The Lonely Ones, and Fu Manchu played live on the fourth floor. All in attendance became inebriated by various substances as the night wore on. With three fully stocked bars serving free drinks, these people should have known they were asking for trouble. Aside from the removal of various objects from the house (which will soon be available on E-Bay), I missed most of the carnage

Cover photos by
Glen E. Friedman
circa 1975



Fu Manchu at Film Party / photo by Seth Bowers



Stacy Peralta the Happy Filmmaker / photo by Seth

Politics and Propagandhi
By Shane Farver

"If liberty means anything at all, it means the right to tell people what they do not want to hear." George Orwell said it, Propagandhi live it on their new album, *Today's Empires, Tomorrow's Ashes*. They are a band on a mission and during a telephone conversation lead vocalist and guitarist Chris explained what this mission is.

Propagandhi was born from the snow and ice covered plains of Winnipeg, Canada in the late 1980's. In addition to Chris, there is Jord on drums, who has been with Propagandhi since its beginning. The band has seen several bassists come and go until finally settling on newcomer Todd, recruited from the 90s hardcore band I Spy. Chris seems pleased with the current line-up. The three current members are all passionate on the subject of Propagandhi becoming the political hardcore band Chris and Jord envisioned many years ago. Fans of Propagandhi may have noticed that there has been a lengthy amount of time between the recording of the band's last full length album, *Less Talk, More Rock*, and *Today's Empires, Tomorrow's Ashes*. The reason for this hiatus was because Chris and Jord dedicated much of their time to establishing The G-7 Welcoming Committee, a media outlet supporting resistance culture through spoken word, print, and music. Chris apologized for the wait, "We should have been a little more present with the web and maybe put out a couple EP's, but we really thought we should get this label going first." *Today's Empires, Tomorrow's Ashes* is well worth the wait and will be Propagandhi's third full-length release on *Fat Wreck Chords*. It will be released to the public on February, 6th (Ronald Reagan's birthday ironically enough). As on previous albums, the new release shoves power packed politics into your ear canal in true Propagandhi style. Their sound has evolved into a heavier and more serious tone than heard in earlier albums such as *How To Clean Everything* and *Less Talk, More Rock*. Chris believes that this musical change is due to the changes that have occurred regarding his outlook on the world. "As my understanding of the world evolved over the years, I realized that things are a lot worse than I had thought they were when I was nineteen or twenty," he explained. For those of you who are fearful that Propagandhi has lost their sense of humor, don't worry. Chris went on to add, "The three of us spend half our day making infantile jokes. I still think there are moments on this record like that." Check out Propagandhi's band video on the CD-ROM portion of *Today's Empires, Tomorrow's Ashes* and be prepared to laugh. The lyrics contain biting humor, though subtler than on previous albums.

Not only is there a personal band video on *Today's Empires, Tomorrow's Ashes*, there is also a wealth of information on subjects that no public school teacher would dare teach their pupils. This information includes the uglier side of American history many are ignorant to. Chris seemed awed by



"For the first half of my life I was a total piece of shit. I was a little pro-Reagan, pro-nuclear proliferation, pro-imperialist fuck."

little pro-Reagan, pro-nuclear proliferation, pro-imperialist fuck. It wasn't until bands like MDC and the Dead Kennedys showed up that I was inspired to see the world through a different lens. My goal is to give that opportunity to younger people who, to different degrees, were the same kind of kid I was back then."

It would be easy for someone to simply dismiss Propagandhi as a group of anarchists, socialists, or communists. However, their beliefs are all their own. Chris for example, does not associate himself with any political party. He shared his reasons for this, saying, "I myself, am not too comfortable with identifying myself as an anarchist, socialist, or communist because the average person has already made up their mind about those terms and a lot of those interpretations are negative. But I think anarchism, socialism, communism, all these things that are pushed off into the margins, have a lot of value in terms of learning from them." Chris also made it clear that he does not wish to criticize young people who have impulses towards alternative political standings but can't verbalize their standpoint. "I was that way too. I knew there was something and I was attracted to the ideas for some reason. If I was challenged back then by someone very serious in debunking anything progressive I would have been made to look like a fool. Over the years you are able to take ideas of anarchism in their infant stages and hold them up to reality as you go along," he stated. The ideal society, according to Chris, would still involve police and truly democratic institutions. He hopes the police will be trained to be a form of "high-impact social workers" to handle disputes and work with the public rather than against them which is too often the case. "Up here they some times call them peace officers in our city," he sneered. "I was like, come on, what the fuck is this shit? That's not what they are, that's what they're supposed to be."

We can be sure that Propagandhi will continue to spread their message with power and style. We can also count on that message to piss off politicians and expose corrupt corporations along the way, but it's music to the underground's ears. As our interview came to a close, Chris asked me to mention www.lbbs.org. The web site is an exceptional resource for progressive journalism and activism. He encourages those who know of it to visit it often. Remember that knowledge is power.

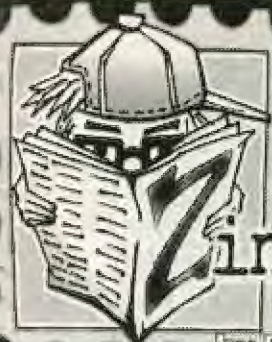
the fact that many are never taught about these historical events, exclaiming, "It's weird because it's part of American history. We don't know what our governments actually do." This is Propagandhi's mission: to educate the masses. Chris shared his inspiration for educating people, he said, "For the first half of my life I was a total piece of shit. I was a



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Reviews & Interviews

Zineland

by Brian Staker

This month in Zineland, we look at two zine publishers who have taken the medium to new heights of creativity. Greg Hischak's *Farm Pulp* isn't a zine so much as a catalog of absurdity. Entering its second decade, it's got a lot of longevity for a zine. But then there's so much creativity going into it that it can't be contained within regular size paper; there are fold-out pages, extra catalogs for mail order meat for special occasions like family confrontations and "your coaching style is destructive," and maps to mythical places like "Big Squirrel Lick State Park."

Farm Pulp is like a map of a mythical America from an absurdist viewpoint. The most recent issue, #39, takes up the theme of religion, and offers "The Gospel of Mr. Greenjeans," "The Spanking of the Lamb," and not to be without meat in some form, "The Colonel's Secret Liturgy."

What inspired you to publish your zine? Why bother to do a zine at all in the "electronic age?" Describe your zine briefly, and why you feel the need to express whatever you are trying to express with it in the zine medium.

I had no agenda in starting *Farm Pulp* (in 1990). It wasn't until a year into it that it was pointed out that lots of people were doing it. They were producing zines which rhymed with spleens... I had no idea. I really didn't.

I use the tools of the electronic age to produce *Farm Pulp*, but it's not about the medium. *Farm Pulp* is a tactile magazine. It likes to be touched by strangers. It's about folding and unfolding, revelation and concealment.

What are some other zines you've been influenced by? Other things floating around in the culture that aren't zines that have influenced your zine?

My influences mostly derived from the mail art scene of the early 90s. Most of the zines that I would call influential came to me through that venue. There was a tiny zine from the East Coast called *Po* that was endlessly inventive yet very simply done. Disney Vaseotomy out of Chicago was another. The folds of *Farm Pulp* came straight out of National Geographic. Pushbutton Controller, out of New York State had an issue or two but the writing was wonderful and that was an early clue that zines didn't have to be about shitty bands that the editor's girlfriend was in. Eyewash out of Dayton, Crank, Craphound; there were a lot of zines that just generally approved of and stole from.

What makes your zine different from others?

Absolutely nothing at all other than its longevity, which I fear crossed into "anal" several years ago.

Have you ever collaborated with other zinesters on any projects? If so, describe.

Fortunately, no one reads *Farm Pulp*, so that allows me to pass on its content to other zines. There are local writers in Seattle I work with in various capacities and I've requested material from them on occasion. I've bothered Mark Maynard of *Crimewave USA* into writing something before. Not so much collaboration as dare, I guess.

How has your zine changed since you've been doing it?

Farm Pulp has slowly, incrementally shifted from being a graphic zine to a story-driven zine. It lost some people along the way in the process, gained others. It makes each issue harder to do, and fewer and fewer come out but I can only hope that they resonate longer.

How did you get the idea for using unusual page formats with *Farm Pulp*, and what do you feel it allowed you to do differently?

As mentioned, the format is essentially National Geographic squished onto 11 x 17 paper with three and a half inches to spare. I have three and a half extra inches on every spread to fuck around with. Fold them into gates, illustration panels, sidebars, trim them and turn them into inserts, fold them into cranes... I'm obviously easy to amuse.

Discuss other projects/objects you produce, like homemade stamps, and

catalog of meats for different occasions—why do you do them, and how are they an extension of the zine and how do they go beyond the zine?

As the zine came from the mail art experience, the stamps have always been a strange aspect of *Farm Pulp*. Artistamps, they're called. They evoke fictitious realms. I use them to decorate the envelopes I send the zine out in, I use them as Commemoratives for each issue. Stamps are about periling, and it all ties in nicely with the folding. Also, each issue of *Farm Pulp* is essentially a notebook and I'm always going back and pulling material for other uses be it performance or poetry or editorial rants.

With all the themes and topics covered over the span of *Farm Pulp*'s existence, what is the constant? Lastly, why the name, and what is the deeper meaning (if any) of "*Farm Pulp*?"

The only deeper meaning that might be pinned to it is that the zine is about Looking For Some Damn Deeper Meaning in Everything. Looking for epiphany in all the wrong places and, failing that, nonetheless finding joy in its processes—however anal.

Talk about material you've pirated or "sampled" from—especially in catalog extras like *Big Squirrel Lick*—what makes something "sample worthy?" And where do ideas for spoofs like *Big Squirrel Lick* come from?

Some things defy satire. Band names, for instance. You can't come up with a rock band name that's "satirical" because some band has always beaten you to it. I look for stuff that has some base level of absurdity. Meat by mail. Fruit by mail. Brides by mail.

These are good starting points. National Parks and Squirrels are always good starting points. Sometimes it's just a matter of juxtaposing two vaguely legitimate enterprises into one big stupid enterprise and seeing if it clicks with the internal absurdity engine.

All these ideas come from the absurdity engine. You're born with it (located somewhere between the spleen and the scapula). It's hard to remove though sometimes parenthood can put it into remission. It works when you sleep and it works when you're awake or riding buses. It's frequently really annoying.

Gregory Hischak
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I first met Farmer Paul through Postal Blowfish, the Internet fan club for the band Guided by Voices. It didn't take long to discover that, besides from being an actual farmer working the soil in North Dakota, he puts out one of the coolest zines in the universe. *Fresh Cow Pie*, recently on its fifth issue, is a music zine with dozens of CD reviews and interviews with people like Jack Rabid. But it's more than just a zine: the newest issue begins what he hopes to be a series of limited edition CDs with rare tracks from Kuda LaBranche (CBV singer Robert Pollard incognito), regional punk groups Trans Am, Imipolex G, and June Panic, former CBV guitarist Mitch Mitchell's band The Terrifying Experience, and others. And when you get FCP, you get extra stuff like stickers, other zines, maybe a plastic frog; see, Farmer P is one of those old school zinesters who does it party because he just likes mailing stuff. Good to know someone's keeping us postal workers in business. *Fresh Cow Pie* even managed to generate some controversy recently when Insound.com's Zine Popularity Poll was flooded, or some said, stuffed, by votes for FCP! After little more than a week of balloting, the poll was shut down. Farmer P has yet to receive his prize. And

if that isn't enough, this farmer took on the government in court and won.

What inspired you to publish your zine? Why bother to do a zine at all in the "electronic age?" Describe your zine briefly, and why you feel the need to express whatever you are trying to express with it in the zine medium.

There's not a whole lot for a music obsessed farmer to do during the harsh North Dakota winters, so one frigid day a few years ago I decided to start writing Fresh Cow Pie. I don't have any real friends to talk about music with (just internet geeks), and my wife gets tired of my "rock talk" all the time, so now I just write everything down on my computer. Then when I have enough of my incoherent ramblings written down on paper I publish the zine. It's a lot easier than constantly updating a web-site in order to keep people's interest. Besides the fact that there are WAY too many music oriented sites already.

What are some other zines you've been influenced by? Other things floating around in the culture that aren't zines that have influenced your zine?

I really enjoy Copper Press a lot. Definitely the best art-meets-rock zine out there. The Big Take-over's always a great place to get information about bands that matter. Ready-set... Aesthetic! is pretty cool. Yahtzeen. com is neat, because it's done by some local Fargo nerds. I like zines & web sites that aren't afraid to tell it like it is.

What makes your zine different from others? Similar to others?

I bet I'm the only full time farmer/rancher that does a zine, so that makes Fresh Cow Pie "different". I try to make FCP have a personal feel to it, so that's probably similar to a lot of smaller zines.

How has your zine changed since you've been doing it? Are there any upcoming issues or "big plans" for your zine?

The first couple of issues were on newsprint, and now we've moved up the ladder to white wove. It's more expensive, but it looks nicer and it keeps my fingers cleaner. With issue #5 we combined the zine with a CD compilation called "Tractor Tunes Volume 1". All the artists are hand picked by myself, and all the music on the comp is exclusive to the release. The grand plan is to put out future issues of Fresh Cow Pie and "Tractor Tunes" together from now on. It's hectic to get everything together at the same time, but people really seem to enjoy the finished product quite a bit.

I just want to ask you how you manage to amass the sheer volume of stuff you manage to put in FCP, all the reviews etc? How do you find time to listen to all that music?

I don't get off the farm much, so I spend a lot of my free time on Fresh Cow Pie. Since I live in the middle of nowhere, literally, I don't go to shows or hang out at the corner bar with friends. Don't get me wrong - I'd love to do that sort of stuff, but I'm geographically challenged.

I listen to music all the time - sunrise to sundown every day - either on headphones, in a vehicle, or on my stereo. I call my reviews my "Tractor Seat Music Reviews" because they're exactly that. I have a lunchbox called the "Rock Box" that contains my portable CD player, and as many discs as I can physically cram into it. I take the "Rock Box" with me everywhere, in fact it's probably more important than my actual lunch box! I can't stand country music or talk radio, so there's not much else to listen to while I spend countless hours in the tractor. Whenever I have an idea for a review or something I'll jot a note down on a piece of paper, and when I get home that night I'll type it up on my computer.

What is the importance of the little doodads like little rubber frogs that you include with FCP? How did you get all the great musicians to col-

laborate on the Tractor Tunes CD?

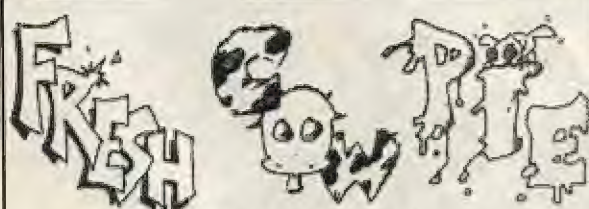
The toys and "doodads" included with Fresh Cow Pie are just something I do for fun with the mail-orders I get. I love getting weird mail, so I figure it's kind of a "do unto others" type of thing.

As far as getting artists on board for "Tractor Tunes", basically all I do is ask them if they'd like to be involved. Most of the time people aren't interested, or else they can't contribute because of label obligations. Once in awhile someone will say "yes" and make me a very happy man. It's super cool feeling to put out music by bands I love and respect. The first comp had Wino, Minnie, Kuda LaBranche, June Panic, and The Terrifying Experience to name a few of my favorites. Hopefully I'll have Fresh Cow Pie #6 and "Tractor Tunes Volume 2" out by the end of March. Some of the artists on TTV2 are: Spooky J (ex-Archers of Loaf guitarist Eric Johnson), Hopewell, AMP, Mothmus, Xlu Xlu (formerly known as Ten in the Swear Jar), Melochrome, and many more.

Just as a side note, what's the lawsuit against the government about?

It's a long complicated story. Basically the government tried to back out of a crop insurance policy that they sold to durum farmers, we sued them to get the original terms of the policy enforced, and we won. My wife and I were the lead plaintiffs in the lawsuit. It took a couple years with all the appeals, but in the end we wound up winning \$43 million for 8,000 farmers. Pretty cool for a two time college dropout, huh? Rock on.

Farmer Paul
c/o Fresh Cow Pie
5112 77th Ave SE
Montpelier, ND 58472



Issue #5, Winter - Spring 2000 34 pgs.
Straight from Farmer P's Backyard. No bullshit allowed!



This issue contains: "Tractor Tunes Volume 1" - an ultra limited compilation CD with exclusive tracks from:

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MAKING THE CONNECTION

By Greg Wrotniak

Photos by Dave Baldwin

People are hypocrites. We pride ourselves on how progressive and open-minded we are, while at the same time we are still threatened by what we do not understand. Teenagers and young adults are practically expected to be powdy and out of control. Kids will be kids, right? But give them a skateboard, the ultimate outlet for nervous energy, and they instantly become a nuisance and a threat. This is the number one problem with being a skateboarder in America (and worse yet in Utah); you are stigmatized. By choosing to ride a skateboard instead of a bicycle, rollerblades, or one of those god-damn scooters, you become an outlaw and inadvertently lower your position on the totem pole. This happens not because skateboarders are any more cretinous than the average sample of young people, it happens because in the age of diversity and political correctness, people are still prejudiced.

Much like in the mid to late 80's, skateboarding is experiencing a surge of popularity. Wow, has the status quo actually realized the skill and dedication it takes to be good at skateboarding? Nope. America has simply noticed that hoodligans spend money too. Little kids see an extreme Mountain Dew commercial on TV and want a skateboard for Christmas. Not only do thousands of cases of soda get sold; the local skate shop can afford to pay its lease and taxes. Hooray for economics. Even though this quasi-acceptance of skateboarding was brought about for all the wrong reasons, there is one benefit that all skateboarders can appreciate. A boom in the skateboarding population has inspired the construction of hundreds of public skate parks across the country. In fact, just about every piece of shit town with a parent of a skateboarder on the city council has built a free cement park for the kids. The only problem with this is that most people, skateboarders included, don't know shit about building skate parks. In most cases in Utah, a Parks and Recreation committee has a group of junior high school kids design the park. The committee then hires the lowest bidding construction company to build the park. The result is a fun-proof, and virtually skate-proof, waste of time and money. A month after the grand opening, the pre-pubescent engineers realize that they can't skate their Playstation-inspired monstrosity, and the park becomes a home for tumbleweeds and crappy graffiti. Thanks but no thanks.

I may be wrong, but I have a feeling that there is a conspiracy at hand against skateboarders in Salt Lake City. There is a free public skate park in almost every ass-backward shallow gene pool town surrounding the city. Every single one of these parks is an embar-

assment to the skate scene. Farmington, Tooele, Grantsville, Stansbury, Provo, Park City, and Brigham City all seem to be designed and constructed for the sole purpose of making everyone who goes to these skate parks want to quit skateboarding out of pure frustration and shame. The Taylorsville and Ogden parks have some redeeming qualities, but they don't stray far from the realm of disappointment.

My conspiracy theory goes like this. The city attempts to crack down on skateboarding by establishing, and constantly widening, business districts and raising fines for skating in prohibited areas. More and more "public" places, such as schools and parks, are putting up no skate-

boarding signs or are installing brackets and knobs on their curbs, ledges, and handrails. This coerces skateboarders to go to one of the many public skate parks that the city councils have sprinkled everywhere but in Salt Lake. A twenty minute drive, or an hour and a half long bus ride, takes you to the Taylorsville park; the newest, closest, and, come to think of it, the only public facility in the valley. Welcome to hell. Booters, Paperboys, Razor scooters, and dozens of

Gen-X claid spectators are already there, ready to salt your game. You try to tough it out and end up having a nervous breakdown;

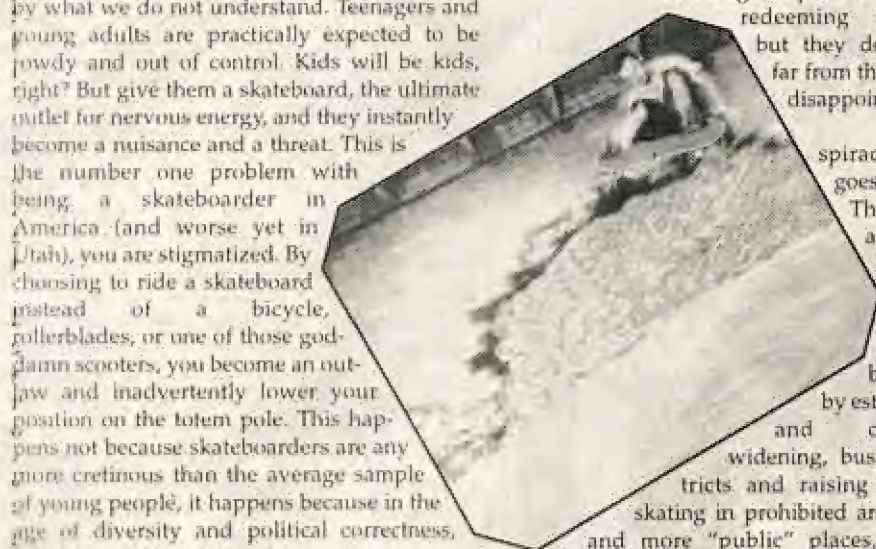
throwing your shoes at a kid wearing a Utah Jazz 1998 Champions t-shirt. Sorry little buddy. After this happens over and over (and it will) you realize that it's just not worth it. You get a ticket every time you go street skating and all the skate parks are Dick Butkis. Your will is broken and you quit skateboarding. Operation Nephi Delta is a success.

True, I am delusional and my conspiracy theory is a bit far-fetched, but I know too many people whose skateboarding is slowing down and stagnating because there is nowhere to go. The unfortunate fact of the matter is most skateboarders would sooner move away or quit than try to do something about the compromising situation in Salt Lake. Fortunately, a grain of motivation managed to ooze from the wasteland that is Zion, The 48 Crew. From a miniature training facility in West Valley to B.Y.O.O. (Bring Your Own Obstacle) Fort Douglas Park, 48 has been keeping it alive. (Note: not to say that no one else has been creating skate spots when there is a lack there of, your efforts just aren't that impressive). Finally, in 1999, with the infinite support and generosity of Paula Murdock, the 48 crew constructed The Connection Skate Park.

Paula Murdock is quite possibly the best mom in the world. Several years before The Connection opened, Paula got frustrated with her son and his friends getting harassed and kicked out of everywhere they went. Instead of trying to convince her son to quit skating, like most parents would have done, Paula decided to make something happen. Her vision was to build, with the help of the city, a well-constructed and well-maintained public facility where skateboarders could safely do their thing free of harassment. For several years Paula tried to get the city to budge. Not surprisingly, the South Salt Lake City council heard Paula's plea like a room full of autistic deaf-mutes. "They didn't help one way or the other," she recalls.

In 1996 Paula decided to take matters into her own hands and began to search for a place to open a private skate park. Easy as it may sound, it's hard to find an affordable, decent-sized, warehouse whose owner will allow the operation of a skateboard park. A full-time job and a family to feed only make the process slower. In 1998, after years of unanswered pleading and unrewarded searching, Paula and her son, Mike, found what they were looking for. On State

Street and right off of 3900 South, they found a 14,900 square foot warehouse that was up for lease. Back in the day, the warehouse was a roller-hockey rink, so the owner found no problem with a skate park. The bureaucrats at South Salt Lake City Hall, on the other hand, did see a problem. They felt that a skate park, which, of course, would attract skateboarders, would be a bad influence



on the neighborhood. A bad influence on State Street? We wouldn't want to strip any vagrants or hookers of their safety and dignity, now would we? Does the city council provide its members with luxury rocks to live beneath? Or are these people so blinded by their own self-righteous morosity that they can't see that every fast food establishment on the block will make a killing off the kids at Connection? Needless to say, getting a business license and the proper permits was a painstaking endeavor. It took almost a year for Paula to negotiate a conditional permit. The terms of the city's agreement were stifling to say the least. The park is required to close by 10 p.m. every night. Limited hours prevent the patronage of night owls and late-working types, making it harder for Connection to pay the bills. The park, which also hosts various hip hop and rock shows, is not allowed to admit anyone under the age of eighteen to a concert; a 75 year old city ordinance that has yet to be contested. If the show lets out before curfew, what's the problem with a fourteen-year-old checking out some local music? This out-dated ordinance further hinders Connection's longevity. When I asked Paula how she felt about jumping through hoops for the city council, she humbly replied, "Keeping the doors open is what's hard now, since the savings are gone." Enough said.

There is a peculiar phenomenon that occurs in the world of stereotyping. Often, people who are type-cast, be it because of the color of their skin, their nationality, or their inclination to ride a skateboard, find a sense of identity in the stereotype they are given. In other words, some people want a stereotype because it tells them who they are. I'm a skateboarder. Therefore I wear



baggy clothes, I'm obnoxious, I'm arrogant, I'm a vandal, I say fuck and dude a lot, I'm a thief, and I wear my hat sideways. Congratulations, the stereotype told you who you are. Now you have a purpose. It's like injecting an organism with a small dose of a virus to build up an immunity that vanquishes

the virus permanently. Society creates these stereotypes for impressionable counter-cultures to make economically non-beneficial groups of people self-destruct. Skateboarding is a counter-culture. By selling the belief that skaters are hooligans to skaters, mainstream culture injects a virus into our community that makes us behave in ways that force the status quo to want to eradicate us. My point is, don't be stupid. If you behave like an animal, you'll get treated like one. If you show respect, even if you have none, you'll receive respect in return. In Philadelphia, you can't even carry a skateboard within the city limits. Why? Because the only things that citizens know about us are the stereotypes that we, ourselves, sustain. Don't be a mass-produced robotic entity. Don't be a citizen and don't be a virus. Break the mold and come to your own conclusions.

The Connection Skate Park is family owned and operated. When the park hurts, the Murdock family hurts. Years ago, Paula Murdock could have easily told her son to quit skateboarding, and would have never had to worry about keeping Connection open. Instead, she came to her own conclusion. The kids need a place to skate. In the face of bureaucratic indifference and stereotyping, Paula made it happen. When you come down to Connection, you need to show your respect because if it weren't for Paula's admiration and respect for skateboarding, and for you, you'd be assed out.

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BAD ASTRONAUT



BAD ASTRONAUT
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DIESEL BOY
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EX-ZOINKS



BIG IN JAPAN
"DESTROY THE NEW ROCK"
CD/LP
MARCH 6th, 2001

A PERFECT ZERO

By J. D. Zeigler

Hildy loved three things in life above all others: her fiancé, Jake; food in all its delicious high caloric glory; and fashionable clothes. Jake she had, eating out of the palm of her hand and points south when he wasn't gobbling up the magnificent meals she cooked for him. Hildy was at the top of her class at the Western Culinary Institute, and specialized in traditional American cuisine. She was a true and inspired artist of meatloaf, fried chicken, turkey and dumplings, mashed potatoes, onion rings, chicken fried steak, cakes, cobblers, biscuits and gravy, griddlecakes, corned beef hash, and other red, white, and blue comestibles sinful, unhealthy, and fattening...but incredibly scrumptious.

As for her passion for fashion, while in culinary school Hildy didn't have enough money to indulge in it. She was up to her neck in loans and course fees and had to make do with baggy chefs' uniforms and Jake's purloined sweats and tees until she graduated and got a job. Darling mohair sweater sets and leather mini skirts were put on the back burner.

But, thanks to her prodigious talent for creating mouth-watering masterpieces and the hyperbolic recommendations of her Institute instructors, a new restaurant on 21st South, the Blue Plate Diner, hired her as soon as she graduated. The Plate showcased a classic diner menu with victuals like pork chops, tuna casserole, spaghetti and meatballs, burgers, hearty breakfasts, and soda fountain delights. Hildy was in heaven there, dishing up religiously delicious experiences for the taste buds of ecstatically well-fed customers.

The Plate was an instant and huge success, thanks in no small part to Hildy's cooking. Its grateful owner gave her a large bonus. With it, she embarked on a long postponed shopping spree. Her first stop was the Ann Taylor store on Fashion Place Mall. Hungry for pretty new clothes,

she swooped down upon the racks of expensive outfits like a starving hawk on a chicken coop, then retreated to the dressing room to try on her spoils.

There, in the privacy of her carpeted cubbyhole, she shucked off the jeans she'd borrowed from Jake and stepped into a pair of chic black jersey stretch pants. They were the kind Vogue models were sporting with bare midriff baby tees.

Jake would just love it if I dressed this sexy, Hildy thought, as she tugged the pants up her thighs...where they stuck, going no higher. She dug her fingers under their waistband and pulled hard, rocking to and fro, but the Lycra had reached its expansive limit and the pants remained stuck around her upper legs like a rubber band around two eggs.

Fortuitously, at that moment, a salesgirl knocked on Hildy's door. "Finding anything you like?" she inquired, politely averting her eyes from Hildy's plump dishabile.

"Yes. But I think I need the next size up," Hildy handed the pants to the clerk.

The salesgirl examined their tag like a pathologist considering biopsy results. Diagnosis made, she said, "These are 12's. It's our largest size. We only carry 0 through 12," she explained, her

tone implying that any flesh in excess of size 12 was an especially loathsome communicable disease.

"You're at least an 18, if not a 20," she continued, relentlessly clinical. "The average woman is a 14," she said, adding smugly, "But Ann Taylor is a more exclusive store than that."

her business elsewhere!

"Who the hell takes a 0 anyway?" Hildy snapped angrily at the salesgirl as she zipped up Jake's jeans and slung on her coat.

"Calista Flockhart is a perfect 0," the young woman replied, as if Calista had found a cure for cancer or brought about world peace, rather than having a knack for skipping meals.

"Big deal!" snarled, humiliated Hildy as she left the store. Undaunted, she proceeded to make the rounds of the other trendy boutiques on the mall, only to find that most didn't carry sizes higher than 12 either. Some of the department store had 16's, but, to her dismay, even that size was too small to zip.

Hildy left the mall two hours later, empty handed, with no sweet tiny tees, hot skirts, or hip hugging pants in her possession. She had money burning a hole in her unfashionable pocket and only Jake's sweatshirts and jeans to wear. It was a good thing he was a big man, too! For the first time in her life, she decided to go on a diet. On her way home she stopped at Smith's and bought a supply of rice cakes and diet Coke. One month and seven pounds later, Hildy could zip herself into size 16 jeans, if she sucked in her stomach while lying on her back. She thought it was quite an accomplishment, but Jake didn't even notice her missing adipose tissue.

"Honey, how come there's no cookies in the cookie jar anymore?" he plaintively queried instead. "And what's this?" he asked, plucking a rice cake from the jar. "Is it food?"

Hildy sighed, "I'll bring you dessert from the Plate, OK?" and left abruptly for work. Her blood sugar had been running low lately and it was making her habitually short tempered with Jake. Her job was getting on her nerves too. The joy she'd once taken in concocting nostalgic masterpieces of American fare: New England pot roast, macaroni and cheese, double chocolate brownies, etc., vanished as she daily watched Blue Plate patrons stuff their greedy faces while her own tummy growled with hunger.

But at least she was still losing weight. By the end of her second month of dieting, Hildy could



Hildy was shocked. She never thought of herself as too big before. Many people, especially men, told her they found her figure attractive. She stared at herself in the mirror. Sure, she had some meat on her bones. Her breasts were lovely round C cups. Her hips curved sensuously and her derriere was a firm inverted heart shape. "You're stacked, built like a goddess, like Juno," Jake had said when they first met. He couldn't get enough of Hildy's body and now some bulimic bitch was telling her there was too much of it! Well, she'd just take

squeeze into a 14. She was "average" at last. She bought herself some revealing lingerie to entice Jake into having a romantic evening with her. Although their romantic evenings had lately become infrequent, Jake responded to Hildy's lacy come-on with only perfunctory interest, rolling over and falling asleep as soon as his part of the deal was kept.

Hildy was hurt and puzzled. It wasn't so long ago that Jake couldn't keep his hands, or more importantly, his mouth, off her. He'd made enthusiastic love to her nearly every night, declaring that he couldn't get enough, swearing he needed second helpings to stay satisfied. After sex, they always cuddled together and shared a bowl of the ice cream that Hildy used to make.

Now Jake was giving her the cold shoulder. Well, he'd change his tune when she pared down to a size 12 and could wear really hot outfits. That would thaw him out for sure. Hildy fell asleep, more determined than ever to stick to her rice cake and coke diet.

Because misery truly does love company, the Plate's "Blue Plate Specials" began to get lean and mean, courtesy of Hildy's self-inflicted starvation. Savory chicken croquettes were stripped down to grilled chicken patties on a lettuce leaf. Ambrosial beef stews were reduced to meatless broths fit only for Gandhi. Even Hildy's famous homemade ice cream, which she smothered in likewise homemade butterscotch or chocolate sauce, was mutated into Tofutti penuriously topped with a few tidbits of thinly sliced fruit.

But having company didn't make Hildy any less miserable. In spite of her sexy new wardrobe, she'd never been so unhappy. Somehow, all the fun had gone out of her job and her relationship with Jake. The Plate's myriad regular customers were unhappy, too. So was John, the Plate's owner, when they took their complaints to him.

"This is a diner, not a diet camp," he reminded Hildy, after a particularly austere celery salad made its debut as an entree. "Please stick to the regular menu from now on."

Although John didn't say anything about firing her if things

didn't change, Hildy could read between the lines. Since entering the realm of the svelte, she had become a compulsive clotheshorse and needed a regular salary to support her habit. So she bit her tongue and returned to her luxurious recipes once more. Beef Stroganoff and pie-a-la-mode were resurrected and Plate patrons once again became sated true believers.

As if to compensate for the loss of this particular battle against fat, Hildy redoubled her efforts on the home front. Beer and bread were banished. Sweet treats were quarantined. Red meats didn't cross the threshold. The war was almost won. Soon size 12 hung loosely on her disappearing body. Even Jake, who'd been increasingly distant in the past weeks, more of a roommate than a lover, and eating out more nights than not, finally commented on the change in Hildy.

"Jeeze, baby, you've lost a lot of weight," he remarked one evening as they lay apart in bed after a lukewarm and mutually unsatisfying bout of sex.

He's noticed at last, Hildy thought triumphantly! Maybe this will rekindle our relationship!

"You haven't been sick and hiding it from me, have you?" Jake asked, a long lost note of loving concern in his voice.

Inexplicably, tears stung Hildy's eyes.

"No, no, I'm OK. Probably just working a bit too much," she murmured, turning and snuggling against Jake's chest like she always used to do after lovemaking. It was sweet of him to worry. It meant he still loved her. Happiness filled some of the emptiness inside Hildy. Maybe they still had a chance. For some reason, though, she was hesitant to tell Jake that her weight loss had been deliberate.

"Let's watch Letterman," she suggested instead, to get both of their minds off the subject. Obliging, Jake flipped on the TV.

"Ladies and gentlemen, Miss Calista Flockhart," crowed Dave as he applauded the emaciated actress's gawky lope across the stage. Calista's slinky Versace dress moved on her bony frame like it had a life of its own. Hildy

was filled with envy and awe. How exquisitely that dress hung on Calista! Even at size 12 Hildy's clothes still bumped into her body here and there, catching across her butt, clinging to her chest. She wondered if she would ever be a perfect 0 like Calista.

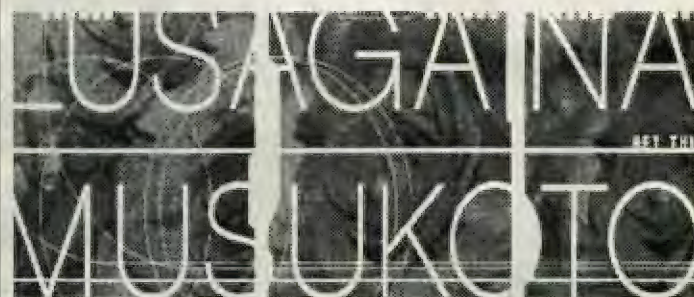
"What a perfect zero!" Jake suddenly snorted in derision.

"What?" exclaimed Hildy, startled to hear her thought echoed out loud.

"Her. That skinny bimbo," Jake pointed the remote like a gun at the TV.

"There's nothing there. She's not pretty, not talented, and definitely not smart, but she sure is thin. There's an accomplishment! Ugh!" he shuddered. "Let's see who's on Leno."

While Mr. Leno read silly, but real, headlines from small town newspapers to his guffawing audience, the majority themselves from small towns, Hildy lay quiet and contemplative against the snickering Jake. During a commercial, she slipped on her robe and went into the kitchen, soon returning to the bedroom with a quart of handmade Rocky Road and two spoons.



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WRITTEN IN BLOOD

HARD MUSIC
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WORLD

BY
JOHN
FORGACH

METAL IS : I don't remember a time when new releases were more important, at least here in Salt Lake. I mean, your not going to be seeing any metal bands live any time soon, so new releases are all we have. What the hell metal bands?

That's right, all we have are new releases. Maybe I'm just being a little pissy, but even good new metal releases are getting hard to come by. One of the better metal albums recently out is **Annihilator's, CARNIVAL DIABLOS**. This album comes on strong with one of their most powerful vocalists to date. Jeff Waters (guitar) rounded up ex-Overkill guitarist Joe Comeau (NECROSHINE and THE KILLING KIND) for vocal duties. Waters readily admits that an '80s influence crept into the material of CARNIVAL DIABLOS. Actually, anyone releasing a thrash album in 2001 would be kidding themselves if some of the '80s metal greats weren't given at least some credit. The music from this album is very strong, and the lyrics, while being a little predictable at times, are still fun and effective.



CENTURY MEDIA : Swedish death metal rears it's head once again in historically un-rare (it's all good) form. The Forsaken's, **MANIFEST OF HATE** rips from one end to the other with brain splitting speed. The over-all Swede death sound is intact while The Forsaken adds their special blend of brutality to **MANIFEST OF HATE**. Good technical writing, blast force drumming and some pretty damn good guitar work went into the recording of this album. —

NECROPOLIS : It appears the band **Abcess** have shaken the goofy image that they had taken with their last album, **SEMINAL VAMPIRES AND MAGGOT MEN**. The band has also shaken the hardcore meanderings of **SEMINAL**, and have gone for a more death n' roll approach with their new album, **TORMENTED**. Unfortunately, Abcess couldn't seem to shake their ultra-simplistic writing style. Why the band **Diabolique** is on Necropolis Records I don't know. I seriously doubt any other band on Necropolis (such as **Usurper**) would list Joy Division or the Cocteau Twins as influences.

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Nuclear Blast America

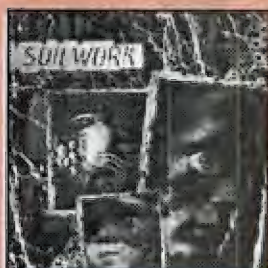
These German heavy metal commandos return to take the world by storm and tear mainstream audiences a new one! Featuring Legendary vocalist Ralf Schceepers (ex-Gamma Ray) and members of Sinner..



CHILDREN OF BODOM- *Follow the Reaper*

Nuclear Blast America

Combining a sharp and rapid death metal with a refined sense of melody, A Follow the Reaper features the most mature and advanced songwriting yet from this young and extremely talented band.



SOILWORK- *Predator's Portrait*

Nuclear Blast America

"SOILWORK have obviously worked hard at breaking the metal mold and defined a futuristic approach that no other metal band is exploring. They are a band to watch for in the new metal millennium. Go get it!"

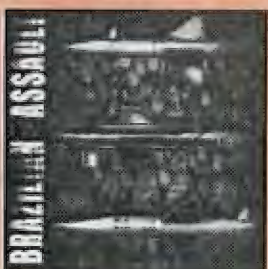
ROB HALFORD – THE METAL GOD



RED HARVEST- *Cold Dark Matter*

Relapse

This Norwegian quintet churns and grinds elements of industrial and noise core with cold, grim black metal, creating a unique soundscape that's suffocating and visceral yet atmospheric and introspective.



VA- *Brazilian Assault*

Relapse

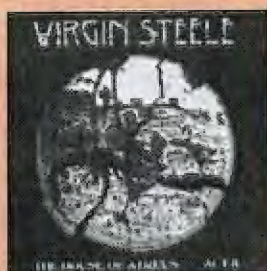
Almost 70 minutes of brutal, underground death metal featuring the demo/early recordings of Mental Horror, Abhorrence, Nephasth, and Ophiolatry.....the leaders of the current new crop of extreme death bands emerging from Brazil.



EXHUMED- *Slaughtercult*

Relapse

Exhumed coagulate the extremes of gore grind and death metal, delivering blazing, bloodsoaked brutality forged in fire and formed in flame.



VIRGIN STEELE- *House of Atreus*

Noise

This is the second album of Virgin Steele's highly successful heavy metal opera The House of Atreus. This is a double disc featuring over 90 minutes of playing time at a single disc price.

Release date 2/20



WARHORSE- *As Heaven Turns to Ash*

Southern Lord

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NIGHTWISH- *Wishmaster*

Century Media

Wishmaster is the third and latest release from Finland's Nightwish. These memorable songs combined with operatic female vocals will appeal to fans of The Gathering, Theatre of Tragedy and Lacuna Coil.

Release date 2/6



CRYPTOPSY- *Blasphemy Made Flesh*

Century Media

The debut release from Canada's craziest metal band featuring the distinctive vocals of Lord Worm is finally available in the U.S.. Be sure and pick up

Cryptopsy's latest album, And Then You'll Beg, and 1998's Whisper Supremacy as well. Release date 2/20



ONWARD- *Evermoving*

Century Media

Ferocious guitar-driven metal featuring the talents of guitar virtuoso Toby Knapp along with powerful, soaring vocals by Michael Grant (Legend Maker). Artwork by Ioannis (Deep Purple, Yngwie Malmsteen, Yes, and Fates Warning).



JUNGLE ROT- *Dead and Buried*

Olympic

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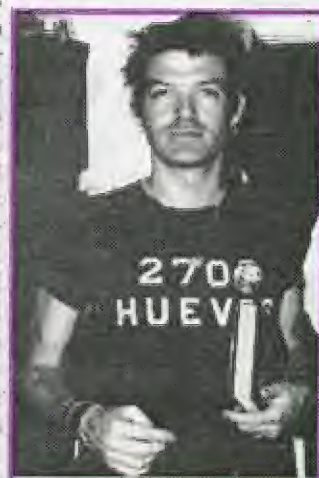
The Dandy's Dunces at Sun Dance

by Echo

"You get what you got and you learn how to like it." Isn't that what you said Courtney Taylor-Taylor? I had the pleasure of seeing the band that has been stuck in my car stereo for the last 5 months, on Thursday, January 25, at Harry O's in Park City. I seriously thought I was in for a real treat when I heard I had a VIP pass to this show. The Dandy Warhol's latest cd, *Thirteen Tales from Urban Bohemia* has been one of the best CDs I have ran across in years. You'd be damned if you couldn't identify with the music.

Mr. Taylor-Taylor thought he'd join the Sundance band wagon (showing that he is multi-talented) by screening a short film of himself and his friends sitting around in a dark room getting high and talking about absolutely nothing. I could tell no one was interested, because you couldn't hear any of the dialogue above the socializing crowd. Don't quit your night job Courtney.

Courtney Taylor-Taylor was wearing a unique ensemble, a flavious Nevada State fair t-shirt and a high-class neck scarf. Perhaps he was cold while approaching his stage. I guess that goes for the 2 fancy flamboyant hula hoop dancers, that shook through ut the entire show. It appeared that the band was distracted from the hula-hoop boys; interrupting the show by



Courtney on several occasions. Taylor-Taylor made sure to make his snide remarks regarding the lighting and his perfect voice not being projected enough. I was so disappointed that my latest music craze was turning out to be a bunch of whiny wankers, or least the band's singer.

I suggest the next time the Dandy's visit Salt Lake City, they should think about leaving that "Rock Star image/film maker image" and attitude at home. I assume it won't be as difficult with the winter version of Hollywood not surrounding them.

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With Your host Kevlar7

Concert Previews

To start this column off, I want to give the low down on the idiotic girls that were in attendance at the **Deadbolt**

show last month. Usually when one goes to a show, one can expect a huge flowing of overly testosterone guys walking around with a chip on their shoulder so as to prove how manly with a small penis they are. Well, at this show the guys were all really nice and friendly, while the girls were starting fights and acting like they had to prove how tough they are to everyone in attendance; including the band. Normally, I would think this was funny and would encourage this kind of activity; but in this situation, where there wasn't a lot of room to stand and drink beer; these girls with high amounts of estrogen just added to the problems that night. To those girls that had a huge attitude problem that night; do me a favor, don't read my column any more, and stay the fuck away from the shows I recommend. I don't need you there spilling my beer, stepping on my shoes, starting fights, and being a pain in my ass. Second, for the four years, I will refer to the idiot we have as president as, "the idiot we have for president." His name is like nails on a chalkboard to my ears. Third, see these movies at any cost: *Crouching Tiger Hidden Dragon*, *Snatch*, *High Fidelity*, and *Shadow of the Vampire*, all really fucking good films. And last, there is a helluva lot more action in the way of shows this month. So without further hype and gripe; on with the show!!

What happens when you combine the styles of Blues, Rock, Latin, and Middle Eastern music? Well, I don't know either, but **The Derek Trucks Band** is supposed to be infused with all of these elements. They are performing at **Kingsbury Hall** on the 7th, and could be interesting. Then again it could be Hippie jam bullshit. Might be worth the risk

Get this. Three nights of Maceo

Parker at the **Zephyr Club** on the 8th, 9th, and 10th. Who the hell is this guy, you ask? Well, apparently he is some kind of big funky sax player and looking at who his backing band is...well, let's just say that it would probably be best for ya'll to show up and shake your groovy thang with ol' Kevlar7 at this show. Should be a helluva dance party; word!!

One of the best shows for this month is **Spearhead** on the 14th at **Liquid Joe's**. The first time I heard Michael Franti, lead rapper for **Spearhead**, was when he fronted **The Disposable Heroes** of

Hiphopcity, one of the most heavy hitting socio-political hip-hop groups ever. Well, including **Public Enemy** in that sphere of all time greats. **Spearhead**, is a little bit more relaxed than **Disposable** and have a lot more positive vibe to them. Should be a killer show, check 'em out.

Between **Spearhead** and **The Bellrays** at the **Zephyr**, my best choice for the night of the 14th is to hopefully take in a little bit of both. **The Bellrays** opened for **Nashville Pussy** last time that band played a couple of years ago. Their opening performance was amazing and killer. Think of a band playing grungy greasy rock n' roll with a big afro wearing black diva singing like **Aretha Franklin** and **Tina Turner** and you can start to get the picture of what to expect that night. Expect to see me down front, no matter what happens that night. Be there for a helluva good drunken time.

The 14th also has a band that rose out of the ashes of one of the shittest bands of all time; **Sublime**. Yes, **The Long Beach Dub All-stars**

will be playing at **Bricks** that night. Personally, I'll be studying for something that night. For those who like this band, get there early, since all the young kids, who never had to deal with the boredom of a live **Sublime** show, will be out in force that night, probably selling out the show. Actually, arrive early to check out **Secret Hate**, the opening band, who might be worth checking out. Make sure to hide the weed in the sock, or else the show will suck without it; dude.

Fans of killer alt-country with a mixture of punk will want to polish up the boots and head down to **O'Shucks** on the 16th for the two-stepping sounds of the **Jack Rose Band**. This show should be damn good, so make sure to perform the



drunken swagger with much gusto. Just don't commit alcohol abuse in the process, ya wee bastards, or **Jack Rose** will make y'all pay.

Another killer, "Yeehaaw" show for the month is the next night the 17th, with **Cave Catt Sammy** at the **Dead Goat Saloon**. This guy puts on a helluva of swinging show, (when I say swinging, this does not give an excuse for the stupid swing dancers to show up and strut their egos on the dance floor, thus knocking my beer over in the process). Master, err...I mean **Mister Sammy** knows how to pump out the rockabilly groove. Grease up the hair, slip on the blue jeans, and come on down to the most "rooting tooting" show of the month.

Or, (snicker!), there is the fine, (snort!), nostalgic sounds of the truly, (hmmphh!), skilled musical sounds, (snort!), of one of the greatest, (snicker!), 80's bands ever; **Tesla**! Braahhahhhahahahhaahahaha hahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahah...oh god, stop, the pain!! Must get control!! (By the way, **Tesla** is at the **Saltair** on the 17th, be there for a night of shits

and giggles). Excuse me a minute, while I go puke my guts out from laughing too hard.

Fans of radio friendly / grungy alternative rock will want to be at **DVS** on the 20th for the band **Eve 6**, who reminds me of so many bands that I can't begin to place any of them to memory. (Sorry, I must still be kind of rattled after all that laughing from **Tesla** and the whiskey I happened to pound before writing this month's column). So, for those who like those kind of bands that I can't remember, then check out **Eve 6**. Actually, in my honest opinionated prick opinion, the band to check out is **Vast**, opening up for **Eve 6**. Make sure to get there early to enjoy the dance-rock sounds of this killer band who brings to mind.....**Moby**?

Whoa dude!! **String Cheese Incident** is, like, at the **Val Browning Center** in **Ogden** man on the 23rd and the 24th. I didn't understand why, like that **Kevlar 7** dude, is like such a negative bummer to hippies, man. This jam is, like, way on the, ya know, like, part of the universal cosmos in an attempt to find **Gaia**, the mother, in like....whoa dude, the weed is wearing off, this **String Cheese** stuff sucks, man. (And so, ladies and gentlemen, the natural progression of the universe, nature, and life in general continues to take over for our subject. Now, having seen the errors of his way, this hippie will shave his head and become a straight edger or a huge fan of **Korn** and **Limp Bizkit**. Dude, life is so strange, man).

Killer groove-rock on the 23rd, in the form of **Jerry Joseph** and the **Jackmormons** at the **Zephyr**. Okay, I know everyone is going to give me shit for making fun of **String Cheese** and then raving about **Jerry Joseph**. Well, the difference is like comparing a Volkswagen Bug to a, say, **M-1 Abraham's Tank**. Or, to put it bluntly, one of these bands has diverse musical style and skill. While the other band, sucks very badly and has something to do with stuff that comes out of a cow's private parts.

Next, we have the best "not-to-miss" show, (if I could borrow a cliché), on the 25th. Actually, there are two killer shows that night. The dilemma starts with **Face to Face**, **H2O**, **Snapcase**, and **No Motiv** at the **Fairgrounds**. Tickets will go fast so get 'em while ya can. That's right kiddies, a show that only **Zeus** could be proud of. (He'll be there

throwing lightening bolts and busting the heads of the straight edgers who dare to show their faces in the pit). Something to tell the kids about. "Back in my days, we used to get drunk and mosh around in the pit. And we were grateful for those bruises and cuts..."

The second part of the dilemma is **Open Hand, Billy, and Pictures Can Tell at Tom Tom Music in Sandy**. That night, the 25th, is a night where a shiny quarter will decide the fate of this concert goes destiny!! (Don't ya just love the over dramatics). Open Hand is a killer melodic hard core band from L.A. who I raved out about last month. They are a band to keep an eye on because they are going to big very fucking fast. Billy, is from Dakota, and plays very progressive epic rock similar to Jimmy Eat World. And Pictures Can Tell are locals who are very talented and play some mighty engaging indie rock. Be at either of these shows, they will fucking rock!! I promise. Let the quarter fly.

Actually, the only real solution to this dilemma should be **The SLUG Anniversary Party** at the *Zephyr* also on the 25th. The bands will be **Love Sucker, Erosion, Josh Payne Orchestra, and Shimmy She Wobble**. After all the controversy over the last Slug anniversary show, where a whole bunch of religious zealots got their panties in a bunch, it will be interesting to see how this show will go off. I know for a fact that Erosion plays a pretty dark and disturbing sound that is similar to Tom Waits mutated with Johnny Cash. And Love Sucker, who does a kind of powerful female fronted dark groove that is quite enticing and erotic will make this show quite a night indeed. Also, free shit to win and yours truly will be there signing various body parts of all my fans. *Come show appreciation for the best source of underground and independent music locally and nationally, SLUG forever!*

After recuperating from moshing with ancient Greek gods at the Face to Face show, or taking in epic rock of gigantic proportions at the Open Hand gig. And hopefully after winning free shit at the Slug anniversary show; take in greaser rock with folk country elements at the *Zephyr Club* on the 27th in the form of **Richmond Fontaine**. This will be the third best show of the month

to check out. Lately, I've been seeing the whole greaser thing really taking off, especially in Utah. All the old swing dancers are starting to really get into the greaser thing, and that ladies and gentleman, is not a bad thing at all. I hope that all my fellow Born Again Latter Day Satanists will be out in full force at this killer show, preaching to the perverted and corrupting/saving souls one beer at a time. Amen, brothers and sisters. If punk rock is more your flavor, then hit Kilby Ct for the return of **Alternative Tentacles**. **NO MEANS NO** alos on the 27th.

Last show of the month is **Everlast and Dexter Freebish** on the 28th at *DV8*. Everlast is a man that impresses me to no end in his musical talent and compositions. Ever since House of Pain, Everlast has always been trying to bring his view on music acceptable to different types of listeners without having to give up, on single ounce of his musical integrity!! Be at this show!! Dexter Freebish plays alternative pop that can't really be classified or pinned down. The band is named after a type of roller coaster and that name suites them fine. One minute they play atmospheric soft lush sounds, only to break into aggressive rock that seems to careen off the tracks. (Oh, the rock analogies are out in full force today, kiddies). Should be a good band to make sure to be there early for that night.

The End. Roll the credits. Kevlar7, would like to thank Guinness beer for making him the man he is today, I couldn't have done it without you!! Study hard, stay in school. And for all those young folks out there who are studying hard to be a famous rock journalist like ol' Kevlar7, make sure to study those rock clichés, analogies, while using such powerful rock words as "epic", "bombastic", "lush", "tight", "progressive" and "atmospheric". Learn these skills and soon you will be rolling in the sex, drugs, fame, and fortune as I do. Until next month; keep the ears unlogged, wear clean underwear, and keep the tough girls at home. Comments on love, hate, and tokens of affections; send to www.Kevlar7.com. Oh, by the way, George Clinton and Parliament/ Funkadelic will be in Utah on March 3rd at the *Saltair*, so get the dancing shoes on and get ready to shake and groove that money maker. Fuck y'all very much, good night.



"I will do everything in my power to restrict abortion"
—George W. Bush

Is Everybody Happy Now ?

Congratulations. This must be what you wanted. At least if you were stupid enough to vote for Governor Bush instead of Al Gore, (warning: sarcasm) or if you were punk rock enough to not vote at all.

Newly sworn in President Bush wasted no time in starting his attack on reproductive rights and the rights of women. On his first full day in office, Bush issued a memorandum that reinstates the Reagan-era Mexico City policy, known as the global gag rule.

President Bush says he's imposing the Mexico City policy to ensure that taxpayer funds are not used to "pay for abortions or advocate or actively promote abortion either here or abroad." That is a lie. They don't. The current law already prohibits using U.S. taxpayer funds for these purposes. It has been that way since 1973, and the Mexico City policy he is hiding behind will not change this. At the heart of his policy, and what makes it so intrusive and total bullshit, is that it denies U.S. funding to any foreign non-governmental organizations that provide abortion services, counseling or referrals **WITH THEIR OWN MONEY**.

That means that funding will be cut off to countries that even provide **ADVICE TO PREGNANT WOMEN**.

George Bush is an agenda driven liar who is trying to destroy

your rights. Particularly the rights of women. If this does not outrage you, then you are an imbecile. Any argument to the contrary has to be considered moronic and ludicrous.

Also, it is important **NOT TO CONFUSE THE ISSUE**. Bush would like to end **ALL ABORTIONS**, regardless of circumstance.

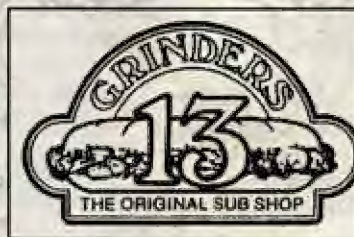
This generation of 20-30 year old wannabe activists who take their clothes off and get arrested for PETA because they don't understand animal rights, needs to get off their asses and do something worth while for once, for your own rights and for the rights of women you don't even know.

Send Governor Bush an email. Go to this web address www.plannedparenthood.org/globalaction/letter/

Send your Senator an email to vote against John Ashcroft's confirmation <http://ROEBUSH.com>. And most importantly, **DON'T FORGET THE FIRST ACTION GEORGE BUSH TOOK IN OFFICE WAS TO ATTACK WOMEN'S RIGHTS!** In two years when it is time for you to vote for your local congressman, senator and so forth, vote for those who opposed George Bush's agenda to make abortion illegal.
—Gianni Ellefsen

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Hot Water Music

Never Ender

No Idea Records

The first time I heard Fugazi's bombastic disc *Repentance*, I was intrigued by how the musical skill and development of that album's compositions contrasted with the off-key vocals of both singers. That's what comes to mind when listening to Hot Water Music; talented playing against rough and raw vocals. This band has become quite popular in the underground and it's easy to see why. The energy level of this band is fucking through the roof and apparent with each new disc this band puts out. Now, I'm not sure if the material on this disc is new or old material. Two of the songs are on an older live album and are stated as being two of the first songs ever written by them. The *Never Ender* disc has an extra disc full of demos, which also contain those two songs as well. Whatever the case, this new disc by Hot Water Music is some of the best material the band has ever recorded; including their last disc, *No Division*, which is in itself a musical masterpiece. Fans of this band probably already own it. Those who are looking for something new and exciting from the indie world that is both harsh, yet full of powerful melodic passion; don't hesitate to snatch this up immediately.

—Kevlar7

Cave In

Jupiter

Hydra Head

There are only two things you need to know about the Cave In show at Kilby Court January 9. As I walked up the lane I could feel and then hear the ominous bassline opening a cover of "Dazed and Confused." And amidst the indie kids in the crowd, a long, shining mullet. If there was a SLUG "Mullet of the Month," this would get my vote. Dude you fuckin' RAWWKKK! This sonic orb is indie metal music of the spheres.

—Brian Staker

Kate Schrock

Dames Rocket

Kakelane

It is both surprising and refreshing to learn that Maine native Kate Schrock is an independent artist releasing this, her third record on her own label. Surprising because with her rich, expressive voice and strong songs, one would simply assume that she is on a major label. Refreshing then for that very fact. Co-produced with longtime collaborator Steve Drown, Schrock wrote all of the album's 11 cuts. The quiet and soothing "Intro" quickly melts into the catchy "Lose Myself." What follows is an impressive selection of songs, whose lyrics and arrangements showcase both Kate's voice and

keyboard. Most of the lyrics are about fractured relationships, all of which come to full-boil on the biting "Pig," where she sings: "He's a bit of a bastard/but mostly the crowd/Biting off what he can't chew/talking much too loud." Powerful stuff. Instantly likable, one listen to *Dames Rocket* will make you want to hear more from this talented singer/songwriter.

—Son of Damian

Propagandhu

Today's Empire, Tomorrow's Ashes

Fat Wreck Chords

One of the most pissed off bands in the world is back. Many fans, including myself, thought this band was history. Fortunately, we were all wrong. After years of living in seclusion and procrastination, the band has emerged for the 2000's with one of the strongest and fiercest album of the New Year. Maybe the line up change, in which they added a new bass player, or all that time in between albums, helped fuel the fire for their new songs; because this disc is one hell of a scorcher. Many fans that were turned off by their last disc, *Less Talk More Rock*, will want to know that *Today's Empire*... is comparable to their first disc, the masterpiece *How To Clean Everything*. Their frustrated political stance is still intact and their extensive use of well placed "Fuck You's" are still in place and still sound as fresh as they did on their first album. In their press kit, the band has always groaned and moaned at the prospect of putting another album out on the market; thank god the people at Fat Wreck Chords know a good thing when they hear it and are able to force the band, (probably at gun point), to get their butts into the studio. It's now time for the masses to get their butts down to the record store and use their hard-earned cash of exploitation to consume these tasty nuggets of piss and fire.

—Kevlar7

The Mountain Goats

The Coroner's Gambit

Absolutely Kosher

John Damielle is the kind of songwriter who wears his eccentricities on his sleeve. Taking his "group" name from a Screaming Jay Hawkins song, this music comes out of left field like a latter-day Bob Dylan, nothing but his voice and acoustic guitar all jagged and ragged and beautiful and a little bit Biblical. Story/songs like "There Will Be No Divorce" and "Insurance Fraud #2" are tragedies of epic and mundane proportions. "Blood will flow in the streets of Rome today," indeed.

—Brian Staker

Cause for Alarm

Nothing Ever Dies 1982-99

Victory Records

Punk, Punk, British Punk! I had to dust

off the Docs to listen to this one. I think I am too old, but it seems like this is more retro than anything. This album combines elements of MOD, Slayer, and early 7 Seconds into a cabala of noise. My head is still banging uncontrollably after listening to this. If you like it hard, and I mean hard, you must buy this ASAP.

—Robert McNulty

The Donnas

Turn 21

Lookout! Records

Here are four girls who could show that pink-haired twit of No Doubt what real rock n' roll is all about!! The Donnas are the fiery and fierce hope for the younger generation who haven't been totally stupefied by the corporate machine of the Friends and N'Sync sugar sweet feces of the music world. Playing with kick ass power somewhere between AC/DC and The Ramones, The Donnas would be right at home blazing down the raceway with John Travolta in the movie in Grease. Either that, or hanging out with Angus Young in the Catholic school dorm getting drunk, while playing strip poker. *Turn 21* shows the girls maturing without giving up the fun. If their last disc *GetSkintight* was a rock masterpiece, then *Turn 21* carries on where the last one left off. Songs like, "Do You Wanna Hit It", "40 Boys in 40 Nights", "Play My Game", and "Midnite Snack" show the duality of The Donnas sinful nature. Innocent looking with their little girl punity on the surface, but lurking underneath is a temptress who eats boys up and spits 'em out just for fun. You've been warned!!

—Kevlar7

Mark Kozelek

What's Next to the Moon

Badman

As he has with covers of songs by Yes, KISS, the Cars, and others in solo work and with Red House Painters, this latest disc by Mark Kozelek shows the songs of Bon Scott-era AC/DC to be more subtle, sensitive and tender than we ever imagined. Especially the originally more raunchy ones like "Up to My Neck In You," and "If You Want Blood." These versions are true to the original and not a parody at all, which this could've turned into. "Rock and Roll Singer" is rendered with particular irony, but also with the pensive air of a bittersweet recollection of younger days.

—Brian Staker

Patriot

We the People

GMM Records

Those who said, "Punk is Dead", are just that. *We the People* from Patriot rips and slams government's abuse of our freedom with a keen insight rarely seen



in today's youth. The music contains evolved, time-tested punk riffs with melodic harmony; that combined with their politically charged and incorrect lyrics that could make Hand Gun Control, Inc. think twice about trying to take away your ability to protect yourself and stereo. Get this album before it's banned.

—Robert McNulty

Politically Erect

Free Salt Lake

Salted Records

I was once asked why the punk scene is relatively big in Utah. My response was, "Well, there's a lot to be pissed off about in this state." Politically Erect rants and raves about everything from Salt Lake City to ultra-conservative asshole Pat Buchanan. It's local bands like these guys who keep the scene alive. So, go pick up *Free Salt Lake* and score one for the home team.

—Slime Farver

Rocket From the Crypt

Group Sounds

Vagrant Records

One of the most eagerly awaited discs of 2001, *Group Sounds* shows Rocket moving back to their more "balls to the wall" approach of their earlier discs. To the uninitiated (shame, shame, shame; tsks,tsks), Rocket plays killer 50's style rock n' roll. What sets them apart from the rest of the greaser rock bands of late, is that the band has a horn section, sax and trumpet, that gives the grinding guitars of Rocket increasing depth and keeps the listener engaged to each song. Rocket's singer has a kind of "Elvis Presley on crack" vocal delivery that shows the soulful but urgent nature of the band's fiery rock. This new disc is a huge departure from their last disc, *RFTC*, hitting hard and fast, showcasing the band's abandonment of attempts at total mainstream accessibility. This doesn't mean that a lot of people won't dig this band; in fact, this disc should hook many more new fans. *Group Sounds*, has a freedom and creativity to it that shows what makes this band so dynamic, power and strength. Fans of Rocket are drooling in anticipation for the final release, March 6th, find out why and make sure to check them out



Tarnation, Rebecca Gates of the Spinanes, Edith Frost, Julie Doiron of Eric's Trip, and Melissa Auf der Maur of Hole and the Smashing Pumpkins each contribute two songs to a wonderful collection. Stylistically, the set is of a piece, ranging ever slightly from the more alt-country stylings of Gates and Frost to the mildly acerbic MAdM. The only track that doesn't quite work is the latter's version of Bryan Ferry's "Love Is the Drug," because it just isn't urgent enough somehow. But the disc overall is stunning.

—Brian Stoker

The Nerve Agents Days Of The White Owl Revelation Records

It should come as no surprise that this band easily falls into the title "punk" by today's standards and definitions, but don't get bummed just yet. This band creeps its way from the cover art (think AFI) into songs that make you want to put a Nerve Agents sticker on your car-right next to your Misfits one. The energy heard on this album could only come from the feeling of being young, dirty, poor, and jammed into a crummy van right after night. There are no pretty haircuts, or fancy videos on MTV, just fucking good music.

—White Trash Steve

Orange Peels

So Far spinART

The Orange Peels' sophomore release is jangly guitar pop as sunny as the Southern California they hail from. From the first song, "Back In San Francisco," in which they harmonize, "I don't want to go," this music has the Golden State written all over it. Reverb drenched guitar and vocals eat up the wattage; so maybe with the recent energy crunch down there they'll have to consider relocating. "Redwood City" and "West Coast Rain" also essay Cali themes. On "Mazatlan" there's even "it's the middle of March but it feels just like summer/ I wouldn't call that a California bummer." Nary a bummer on this set of songs. You keep expecting Brian Wilson to pop his head out from behind the speakers.

—Brian Stoker

Sick Of It All

Yours Truly

Fat Wreck Chords

Granddaddies of Eastern Hardcore music, SOIA have been the staple of positive heavy music that has been continually overlooked by the mainstream. And that's a good thing. Each album from this band has been a classic and an engaging disc to listen to, mainstream success might ruin this band's continuing knack for writing some of the most

talented and heavily progressive music of all time. And *Yours Truly*, compares to the band's previous masterpieces; *Just Look Around*, *Scratch the Surface*, and *Built to Last*. In fact, this new disc is much better in its musical compositions than their last disc *Call to Arms*. It seems that *Yours Truly* was well thought out and better constructed than that last disc. Like the Descendents are to punk, SOIA is one of those bands that stood up in the eighties and exposed a music style that blends punk with metal and has a political agenda, while retaining a positive message mixed with brotherhood and fun. As the song, "Hello Pricks" off this album testifies, "We are all black sheep/ we're all in this together, /so don't fuck it up for all the rest of us." A message we in the underground should live by. Fans now, or the past, who have ever liked this band must get this disc now. It is truly fucking amazing. New fans, or people who are still ignorant, get this album and discover what real hardcore is all about; by a band who has helped to define it from the very beginning. Know your roots!

—Kevlar7

Grade

The Embarrassing Beginning Victory/Raybeez

Death-emo? Mush-grind? Whatever they're calling it, this disc starts out fat

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and fuckin' chunky. Menacing 80's thrash metal with killer hardcore vocals. Think Metallica meets Negative Approach. Even though they sound suspiciously straight-edge I like it anyhow. Tracks one through nine (recorded in 1994) will kick your ass! Then all of a sudden they do an about face and start getting concerned with being radio-friendly unit-shifters. Grade begins to resemble a souped-up, 'modern' Van Halen or something. Sparkling clean riffs and sing-songy melodies. They even go so far as to cover "Panama", the shittiest VH song ever. I don't find this funny even as a fuckin' joke. And they aint kidding! These cats should be more embarrassed about what they're becoming rather than what they were. Buy it if you want.

—Old'sCool

Superdrag

In the Valley of Dying Stars
Arena Rock Recording Co.

Whatever happened to "pure pop for now people?" Superdrag returns from their not completely satisfying dalliance with major label-hood, Head Trip in Every Key, to produce a pop rock masterpiece. What is it about bands like Spoon that get dropped from a major, then manage to create albums that could & should be top ten if there was any justice in the world? This stuff is for

fans of Teenage Fanclub, and they're better than Matthew Sweet. Listening to this album is like eating an entire package of pop rocks at one time; this is ear candy with bite. At their show January 29 at Liquid Joes, we had to keep looking to make sure their weren't more than the three members on stage, the sound they were churning out was so powerful. Baltimore opens the Put Outs are a band to watch too, in addition to locals Fistfull, who always entertain. They return to Liquid Joes Mar. 1

—Brian Staker

Lil' Wayne

Lights Out

Cash Money Records

I fucking hate censored promos, man! Lil' Wayne mobs with the Cash Money crew, who just had a mini-hit with that stoopid "Project B*tch" song. Lil' tries to keep it ree-yo by rockin' it oldschool, rapping mostly about slangin' and bangin'. Takes me back to the gory daze of the Ghetto when a brotha was more likely to be shot for his Nikes than become a millionaire gangsta rapper. The coolest thing is that nobody gets killed on this disc. Being only eighteen, the deepest knowledge he drops is on the classic track "Get Off the Corner". He gets into a few jiggy grooves, but mostly the beats are meatless and the samples wack. It's obvious that Cash

Money didn't fork the cheese they did for B.C.'s disc. Might've done better to bring something a lil' shorter and phatter.

—Slamr Slamr

The Turbo A.C.'s

Fuel for Life

Nitro Records

Another greaser rock n' roll band that just tears it the fuck up! This shit is so good. What's truly amazing about *Fuel for Life*, is that the further into the disc you get, the better the songs get. Mixing metal and punk, The Turbo A.C.'s, bring to mind such adrenaline-soaked greasers as Gluefer, New Bomb Turkes, Supersuckers, and Gaza Strippers. What sets them apart is that they throw in traces of the Misfits, accenting it with surf style guitars at different parts of individual songs. As greaser rock gains momentum and popularity, more and more people are forming bands to play this "run as pigs in shit" music. Many are going to suck, while others are going to just tear it up while taking the slicker-dragstrip formula a step further. What's funny about this band is that they are signed to The Offspring's Nitro Records. Don't let that scare you off, these guys sound nothing like pop-punk. One of the best new bands and discs of the 2001 year. The Turbo A.C.'s are a band to keep an eye



on; big things will come from this band. Release date is February 20th, so get this album and prepare to get your ass pummeled into submission by these rockers.

—Kooly

The Pin-ups

backstreet memoirs

Good-Ink Records

Yawn. I aint sure if this sucks or not, I keep falling asleep before it's over. The bio says they're "...honest rock & roll with a serious attitude." I guess this means that they're serious because I detected no attitude here. Featuring the mighty ex-drummer of the Presidents of the United States. Shit, they look up? Wake me when it's over.

—Slamr Slamr

Unlucky Boys

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Daily Calendar

Monday, February 5

Rugburn- Burt's Tiki Lounge
Big Bill Morganfield- Dead Goat
Jive- Liquid Joes
Culture- Safari Club
Linkin' Park, Taproot- Salt Air

Tuesday, February 6

Big Bill Morganfield- Beatnik's (Ogden)
Blues Nite- Burt's Tiki Lounge
Hoo Ray Hoo- Liquid Joes

Wednesday, February 7

This Life- Burt's Tiki Lounge
Rising Lion- Dead Goat
Kenny Rogers- Dee Events Center
Derek Trucks Band, Eric Johnson- Kingsbury Hall

Sweet Grass- Liquid Joes

Slobberbone- Zephyr Club

Thursday, February 8

Jebu & the Uplift- Beatnik's (Ogden)
Spleen (Ween tribute)- Burt's Tiki Lounge
Up Yer Sleeve- Dead Goat
The Crashers, ECO, Unfold- Kilby Court

Chola- Liquid Joes

Swank- O'Shucks

Pissed On Arrival- Ya' Buts

Maceo Parker- Zephyr Club

Friday, February 9

Henry Topaz & Regency/Unlucky Boys- Burt's Tiki Lounge

"Nine Mile Canyon" animated

film by Creekview

Elementary students

with music from Ken Field-

Children's Museum

Thirsty Alley- Dead Goat

Common Ground- Getty's

Rubberneck- Liquid Joes

Tanglewood- O'Shucks

Blue Hour, Don Moody- Ya' Buts

Maceo Parker- Zephyr Club

Saturday, February 10

Magstatic, Sandkicker- Beatnik's (Ogden)

"Nine Mile Canyon" animated film by

Creekview Elementary students

with music from Ken Field- Children's Museum

General Rude- Dead Goat

Burden of Creation, Iodina, Form of Rocket- Kilby Court

Rubberneck- Liquid Joes

Harry Lee- O'Shucks

Chuck Pyle- University Fine Arts Aud.

Opposable Thumb, My Friend Moses- Ya' Buts

Maceo Parker- Zephyr Club

Sunday, February 11

George Jones- Abravanel Hall

Queen of Hearts- Bricks

Highball Train- Burt's Tiki Lounge

Henry Wolking combo, Iceburn's Coltrane

combo, Off Balance- Kilby Court

Monday, February 12

Peoples' Nite- Burt's Tiki Lounge

W.C. Clark- Dead Goat

Waxwings, MacGyver, Brilliant Stereo Mob-

Kilby Court

Tuesday, February 13

W.C. Clark- Beatnik's (Ogden)

Blues Nite- Burt's Tiki Lounge

Thunderlist- Zephyr Club

Wednesday, February 14

One Day of the year, with enough candy and flowers

You might actually get laid.

Long Beach Dub All Stars, Secret Hate- Brick's

Lisa Marie & CoDependents- Dead Goat

Amazing Crowns, Lawrence Arms- Kilby Court

Spearhead- Liquid Joes

BellRays, Preacher Boy- Zephyr Club

Thursday, February 15

Dangerous Poetry- Beatnik's (Ogden)

Project 2501 with Hypa- Bricks

Zen Buckets- Burt's Tiki Lounge

Gear! Jam- Dead Goat

Blue Floyd- Harry O's

Fat Paw- O'Shucks

St. Ryan's Lament- Ya' Buts

Friday, February 16

Weber River Boys- Beatnik's (Ogden)

Jurassic 5- Bricks

Thunderlist- Burt's Tiki Lounge

Smilin Jack- Dead Goat

Richard Cheese,

Tim O'Brien- Gardner Hall, UofU

Sound Tribe Sector Nine- Harry O's

Unified Theory- Liquid Joes

Thursday, February 22

O-Town Revue- Beatnik's (Ogden)

Carlos & E Strange- Bricks

Shimmy She Wobble, Haole Boys- Burt's Tiki Lounge

Mosure- Dead Goat

The Wailers- Harry O's

Muddpuddle- O'Shucks

Valour- Ya' Buts

Friday, February 23

Tanglewood- Beatnik's (Ogden)

String Cheese Incident- Browning Center (Ogden)

Code 9- Burt's Tiki Lounge

Dave Andrews (from Calobo)- Dead Goat

The Wailers- Harry O's

Backwash- O'Shucks

Fumamos, Form of Rocket- Ya' Buts

Jerry Joseph & Jackmormons- Zephyr Club

Saturday, February 24

Tanglewood- Beatnik's (Ogden)

String Cheese Incident- Browning Center (Ogden)

Thunderlist- Burt's Tiki Lounge

Black Dog- Dead Goat

Pinewood Derby- Kilby Court

Insatiable- O'Shucks

Vaudeville, Flaco Punga- Ya' Buts

Sunday, February 25

Face to Face, H2O,

Snapcase, the

Explosion- State

Fairpark

SLUG Anniversary

Party- Zephyr Club

Monday, February 26

Insane Clown Posse, Insolence, Marz- Brick's

Peoples' Nite- Burt's Tiki Lounge

Hadden Sayers Band- Dead Goat

Tuesday, February 27

Hadden Sayer- Beatnik's (Ogden)

Blues Nite- Burt's Tiki Lounge

No Means No, Red Bennies- Kilby Court

Richmond Fontaine- Zephyr Club

Wednesday, February 28

Bill Kirchen (formerly of Commander Cody)- Beatnik's (Ogden)

Stoned- Dead Goat

Dexter Freebish, Everlast- DV8

Thursday, March 1

Thomas Michael- Bricks

Less Than Jake, New Found Glory, Teen Idols-

State Fairpark

Friday, March 2

764-HERO, Kingsbury Manx, Sound of Sirens-

Kilby Court

Mother Hips- Zephyr Club

Saturday, March 3

Mumble & Peg, Sakhara- Kilby Court

George Clinton & Parliament/Funkadelic-

Salt Air

Monday, March 5

Pick up the March SLUG- Anyplace Cool!

Submissions

for the SLUG Calendar are due by the 1st of the month. Fax to 487-1359 or email dickheads@slugmag.com. You can't B-Lame us if you don't send it in!

Lounge Against the Machine- Hard Rock Cafe

Blue Floyd- Harry O's

SOS Fundraiser- Kilby Court

Rising Lion- O'Shucks

Oxygen Cocktail, Drive- Ya' Buts

Saturday, February 17

Audible- Beatnik's (Ogden)

MxPx- Bricks

Kung Fu Grip- Burt's Tiki Lounge

Cave Cat Sammy- Dead Goat

Jack Rose Band- O'Shucks

Tesla- Salt Air

Sunday, February 18

Highball Train- Burt's Tiki Lounge

Billy Taylor Trio- Gardner Hall, UofU

Grey AM, Sandkicker, Crohnies- Kilby Court

Monday, February 19

Fig- Burt's Tiki Lounge

Guitar Shorty- Dead Goat

Tuesday, February 20

Guitar Shorty- Beatnik's (Ogden)

Eve 6, VAST- DV8

Obtuse Mule- Kilby Court

Wednesday, February 21

DJ Flux- Bricks

The Rubes- Dead Goat



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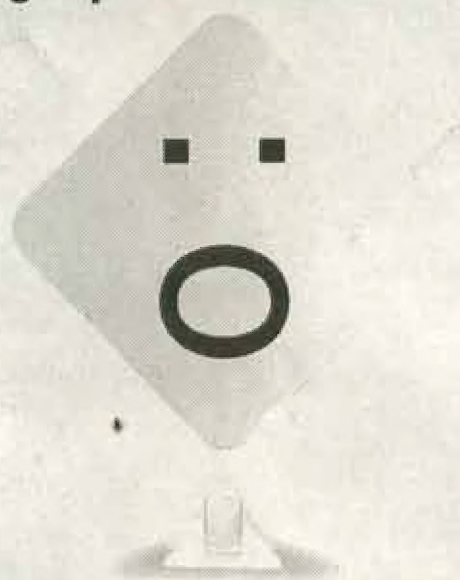
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